FENCE

VOL 1, # 1 SUMMER 199NINE

$1.91

SWANS

she was wearing eyeliner, i was wearing eyeliner

BILL HICKS

if man is five, then the devil is six

PARSLEY!

The Truth

KATHY ACKER

hey! been dying to meet ya!

TACO BELL

he got names like Paco Pico Pedro

S.Y.S.

SUPPORT YER SCENE

FENCE

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE

JULY 199NINE

A

C>P PRODUCTION

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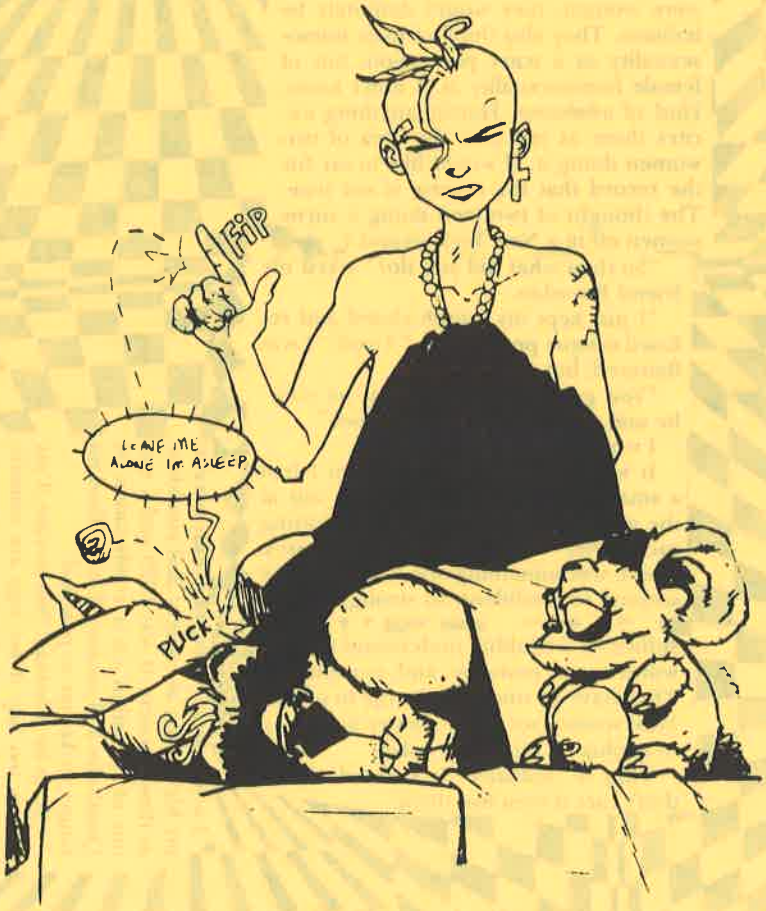
Here ya go: volume one, number one.
Now i realize that 'zines have been around fer a long time, so this is hardly a brand new thing, but what we hope to do here is get alla you out there who (or always planned to...) do a little of this and a little of that ('zine wise) to confederate right frikkin here. Go ahead and interview that random-ass band passing through town, review a new release (movie, music, play, video, whatever). Give up the politics, the poetry, the protests, rant about those cops on the City Market who lie about noise ordinances to keep you from playing your drums or sax, but let that (tax-paying) Temple of Trendiness Top Floor Club hose down the environs thereabout with the audio equivalent of dogshit gobstoppers to sate the mall-ternative bottom feeders and strays from the Dave Matthews Army and keep 'em coming back (at least Load is gone...), or even those idiots who get offa the highway at Tanglewood and wait for the damn light to turn green -even tho it's *right turn on red* and they have *their own lane* to turn into...
But i digress.
This is, essentially, a magazine about nothing, if i may borrow a phrase. That is to say it has no theme, no page numbers and no order. The golden rule here is Content Over Plot (C > P). unnerztan? It is meant to be as random as channel surfing, a photocopied goulash, if you will.
Now, the reader might notice that more than a fair amount of FENCE is ..ummm... 'borrowed' from other sources. These 'other sources', fine as they may be, are usually out-of-print, or so obscure that our 'recycling project' is actually a boon to those original creators whose darling children of creation and gems of insight might otherwise languish away in some dustbin in Aberdeen, or sit limp in a box in the back of a store in New Jersey. Information wants to be free, as Dr Leary says.
...and now it's yours.

Until we get a PO Box, contributions may be dropped off at Safe As Milk Records, downtown. These guys don't sponsor this rag, nor are they responsible for or meant to endorse anything in it, they're just darn nice enough to do this thing for FENCE.

...WELCOME



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I WISH I WERE A LESBIAN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

A bunch of us went to the theater the other night. We saw a one-woman show starring a performance artist named Carrie, a woman who is funny, moving, attractive and brilliant. During the show, she talked about being a lesbian, and every time she did, some women in crewcuts and work boots stood up and cheered.

"Those lesbians make me sick," said Carrie later. "I wish they would stop following me around."

"But why?" I asked nervously. With lesbians, I'm always afraid I'll say something politically incorrect.

"They're so damned politically correct," Carrie said. "They reduce me to a stereotype, they're not responding to me but just to my sexual preference, so fuck them." She took another swig of tequila. She was getting very drunk.

My friends were giving a party for her and she loved it. Her eyes were bright, she hugged anyone she could reach. I was fascinated. I'd never met anyone so honest, so warm, so sweet and smart.

Why can't I meet a man like this? I thought as she hugged me. She hugged me again. "You smell so good," she whispered. "Gee, thanks," I whispered back. She kissed me. On the lips. She tried to put her tongue into my mouth.

Oh, my God! She tried to put her tongue into my mouth!

I know what guys think, they tell me often enough. They think that if they were women, they would definitely be lesbians. They also think of male homosexuality as a scary perversion, but of female homosexuality as, I don't know, kind of *wholesome*. Hardly anything excites them as much as the idea of two women doing it. (I would like to say for the record that the reverse is not true: The thought of two men doing it turns women off in a New York second.)

"So then what did you do?" asked my friend Brendan.

"I just kept my mouth closed and refused tongue penetration," I said. "I was flattered, but nervous."

"You gotta let her go down on you," he said. "It would be just too cool."

I wish I could.

It was at least a year ago when I had a small epiphany. I was working out at the gym and I saw two women spotting each other while doing bench presses. There was something about them. They seemed so confident, so strong, so self-sufficient. I couldn't understand it. Most women are tentative and conciliatory. They have an underlying urge to please. Most women seem like they're just about to apologize. Not these babes.

They're lesbians! I realized. They don't care if men like them!

I was jealous. I remember only once in my life feeling as content and confident as these women: It was 1979 and I was out of my mind on a combination of Quaaludes and cocaine. This method no longer strikes me as practical.

Oh, to be a lesbian! Not to care if my butt is too big, if my legs are smooth, what my hair looks like! Never again to become tongue-tied and stupid and self-deprecating and laugh too much! To wear sweat pants my whole life long!

If I could be a lesbian, I could have chocolate cake for dinner every night, blow up like a balloon and still have sex frequently. Women do not have sex glands in their eyeballs. They do not become excited looking at centerfolds. Even fat, homely lesbians have mates.

Also, I'd probably drive better. I notice a lot of bad women drivers and I think, If she were a lesbian, she wouldn't be going 25 in the passing lane. Because women are taught that to please men, we should be incompetent and fluttery about certain things. We've learned to get hives at the sight of a lug wrench, to faint when a fuse blows. We've been taught that men like us to act as if we can't take care of ourselves. It supposedly makes them feel big and strong.

"I would adore being a lesbian," I told Brendan. "Mentally, I can picture it, but physically, get the fuck out of here."

"Come on, just be bisexual," he said. "Women have such beautiful bodies. Wouldn't you like to fondle a nice breast? Stroke a warm vulva?"

"Now I'm nauseous," I said.

What would I say to a lesbian? Men are amazed at how easily women fall into deep conversation the moment they meet. It's because we have a universal icebreaker: men. How annoying they are, how they never listen to us, how we can never figure out what they want, how cute that tall one in the corner is. The subject of men is the leitmotiv of heterosexual women's conversations. When I meet a lesbian, I find myself stopping my sentences in the middle.

But if I were a lesbian, I'd never have to wear one of those newfangled female condoms I've been reading about. Kind of like a diaphragm, only with a tail. A diaphragm with a tail! What fresh hell is this? I read in the paper that the device will "empower" women, that they'll no longer have to "negotiate with a man." Bullshit! The female condom means that women will again be entirely responsible for birth control.

There's that Texas saying, "The trouble with women is they have all the pussy." And the trouble with men is they have all the dicks. (And don't anyone write to tell me that lesbians strap on dildos, because that's the most disgusting thing I've ever heard, if it's even true, which I doubt.)

I am a slave to my hormones. I can put up with a lot of disrespect if a man has nice enough biceps. If he tells me that I should stop being so goddamned successful, that I should wear much shorter skirts and learn how to cook, I whine. I wheedle. I cajole. I try to argue him into having more respect, into being more sensitive—instead of simply telling him to go fuck himself.

If I were a lesbian, I would. Well, maybe. Maybe I'd be just as wimpy with women. OK, never mind.

Parsley: Innocent Spice or Manipulative Drug?

We've all encountered parsley one time or another within our life, whether it be at the Ponderosa Steakhouse as a small inedible ornate piece of food left on the plate, or at the supermarket as the whole plant. But what most people do not know is that parsley in large quantities is a hallucinogen, and a fatal one at that!!

The International Monolithic Communisto-Capitalist Power-Elite Consipirators would not like you to know this, and have withheld most information about parsley and its abuses. You may be wondering why such a bizarre and frivolous piece of information is being kept out of the hands of the public, or why we here at 3dips would choose to expose something like this. The simple reason is this--PARSLEY IS EVERYWHERE!

Wholesome food is being taken by the Conspirator's chemists and being turned into a parsley-laden derivative. You may be wondering how McDonald's was able to make one of their greasy gastro-intestinal nightmares 91% fat free--the answer is parsley! Parsley is an inexpensive filler-product, and is generally unnoticed in such products as bratwurst which had plenty of bland filler-product in it anyhow. But the chemical development of parsley-products has recently proliferated at a mighty speed! In fact, most every fat-free/cholesteral-free product you see has been re-designed to use a parsley filler-product!

So what does this mean? The International Monolithic Communisto-Capitalist Conspirators have found a perfect way of fitting this MIND-NUMBING foodstuff into the American "Lite food" lifestyle! By eating large quantities of such foodstuffs, you could find yourself listening to such bland, pre-processed music fare such as Amy Grant, watching Turner & Hooch to 3 in the morning, and in worst-case scenarios, enjoying such inane TV entertainment such as Punky Brewster or Babes.

So what can you do? Insist only on real food products! Parsley-substitutes are often easy to find, and even easier to avoid. Who could mistake "Bacon Bits," one of the most parsley-laden foodstuffs around, for the real McCoy? Avoid the McLean, and other bland-tasting diet foodstuffs, they have the highest parsley concentrations of all! Also beware foods that list "natural flavors"--the natural flavor is parsley!

NO ONE IS SAFE from that sub group of the evil International Monolithic Communisto-Capitalist Power-Elite Conspirators known to us by the name of the Parsley Growers of America. Be careful, this is bigger than the nutmeg scam and the water flouridation thing put together! Fin.

DARTH BROOKS

VARIOUS
Sub Pop 200
Sub Pop Records

Sub Pop wants to show the world that Seattle has a rockin' scene and plenty of good bands to keep it going. They've put together a limited box set for those devoted fans who want the type of grunge that can only be found on Sub Pop—three whole dang albums worth! Some of the Northwest-based bands included in this killer collection are Mudhoney, Blood Circus, Nirvana, Screaming Trees, Soundgarden, Tad, The Fluid, Catt Butt, Girl Trouble, The Thrown Ups and Green River—just to name a few. Each band has an unreleased track on this 3-Lp set and each band rocks your panties, dig? A few of my favorites are Mudhoney's version of "The Rose," which makes Bette Midler's version sound like "The Weed." Also, Screaming Trees prove that they're one of the only bands that can do justice to a Hendrix song with their cover of "Love or Confusion." If you can get your paws on one of these here box-sets, grab it. They only printed 5,000 copies, and the way Sub Pop is growing in popularity, these puppies won't be lying around the record store bins too much longer. It's soon to be a groovy little rock and roll collector's item. Also look for new Sub Pop noise; it's consistently good garage rock—if that's what you fancy.

S.R.

Obituary of the Truth:

The Life & Death Of

Bill Hicks

by Jonathan Valania

It's hard to remember now, but there was a time when Tiffany sold a lot of records. When New Coke vs Old Coke embodied the national debate on aesthetics. When Jim and Tammy Faye still had their biblical theme park and the prospect of catching Jimmy Swaggart with a hooker was about as likely as anyone uttering the words "President Mondale." It was a time when the two-headed hydra of Reagan-Bush zombified a nation with fiscal sleight of hand and don't-worry-be-happy hypnosis, all the while secretly feeding the voracious appetite of the military-industrial complex with tender morsels torn from the mouths of welfare queens and passing out backdoor keys to the Savings and Loans to the marauding twin pirates of greed and over-speculation. Ahhhh, the '80s. It was a sick time. The anti-dote—though few could be convinced to take the cure—was comedian Bill Hicks.

While his colleagues were busy hawking Doritos and or moistening the sphincter of Hollywood with their all-too-eager tongues in the hopes of landing a walk-on in *Police Academy* 17, Hicks was working the blue rooms on the highways and byways, the c-list small town circuit of comedy exile. Night after night he would deliver hellfire comedic sermons, smiting the demons of TV-fed ignorance, institutional corruption and the repression of personal liberty with transcendental wit, brutal satire and a healthy smattering of dick jokes.

His act was a car bomb parked in front of the Ministry of Disinformation. A middle finger up the ass of hypocrisy. He was punk as fuck, and I'm not sure he knew or cared much about punk rock. As we all know, stickin' it to The Man is a job that rarely pays well and for his troubles, he died in 1994, poor and relatively unknown, of pancreatic cancer at the age of 32. Without Bill Hicks, this black comedy we call life is a bit more dark and a good deal less funny.

Raised in the buckle of the bible belt, Hicks witnessed firsthand the lashings of small-mindedness, fear and hatred the region could dole out. The smothering confines of Southern Fundamentalism would fuel the rage of his best comedy and spur his lifelong pursuit of personal freedom and private epiphany. Blessed with a vibrant mind, Hicks' intellectual and spiritual curiosity lead to a vigorous regimen of reading (The Bible, *The Upanishads)*, writing (numerous doomed screenplays, an autobiography that may one day surface) and Herculean quantities of psychedelic drugs. He would become a Buddha in the land of Bubba. Working in comedy clubs since the tender age of fifteen—he had to sneak into clubs to perform and tell his parents he was studying at the library—he toured relentlessly for the next sixteen. Along the way his inherent comedic gifts—already prodigious—were amplified by the constant repetition of the road. His timing became impeccable, his wit honed slash-your-wrists sharp. All the while, his ideas grew larger.

Unlike the majority of working comics, his career was something more than an awkward lunge for the brass ring, it was a search for meaning in the meaninglessness of late 20th century Capitalism, a career in truth when lying paid better; a psychic odyssey—abetted by meditation, isolation tanks and psilocybin—when most had long since called off that particular road trip. He referred to it as "squeegeeing his third eye clean." Towards the end of his life he spoke frequently of "evolving the ideas" and came to the conclusion that he would have to verbally kick our asses into the next evolutionary niche—drag the monkey kicking and screaming into man. And if that didn't work, he would hop on the first UFO that would have him and leave us in the primordial ooze of our own bullshit.

While his audience share in the US remained modest, in England he was a full-blown phenomenon, selling out 2,000 seat theaters, his performances taped for broadcast on the BBC's Channel Four. Hollywood flirted with him briefly until the high priests realized his intention was to destroy the temple, not help fill its coffers. Friends and associates of Lenny Bruce called him the heir to the man who once had the temerity to suggest that the Lone Ranger was gay. He earned the respect of the major players of comedy—Letterman, Leno, Dennis Miller, Richard Belzer, Sam Kinison—becoming known as the comedian's comedian. Leno took him under his wing and out on tour—though Hicks would later turn on the *Tonight Show* host, branding him a sell-out (See "Integrity," below).

In the end he proved too hot for even Letterman to handle. He appeared on *Late Night* nearly a dozen times, and each time his routine was "de-balled" as he referred to it, by the production staff in the name of network standards. Finally, on his twelfth appearance in October of 1993, he felt that he had finally killed. His routine included bits about pro-lifers, school books about gay lifestyles, fundamentalists and his dream of producing a TV show called *Let's Hunt And Kill Billy Ray Cyrus*. After the taping, Hicks kicked back in the bath of his hotel room with a cigar

Letterman had bestowed on him, when the phone rang. It was then *Late Night* producer Robert "Morty" Morton informing him that the performance would not be aired because it "touched on too many hot spots." They wanted him to come back, they said, but he would never get another chance. Less than five months later he would be dead.

His battle with cancer began in June of '93 when recurring stomach pains were diagnosed as a malignancy in his pancreas. Doctors gave him two months to live. The diagnosis only stiffened his resolve and sharpened his focus—he referred to it as "the gift of cancer." The pace of touring and writing continued unabated—he established a network of doctors on the road where he could receive chemotherapy—and the intensity of his performances were ratcheted up a few more notches. By fall, the tumor had decreased in size dramatically, but come Christmas his health took a turn for the worst. A five night run at Caroline's in New York was canceled after opening night when Hicks had to leave the stage after a shortened thirty-five minute set. He moved in with his parents and began preparing for death's eventuality: he re-read *Huckleberry Finn*; he made his mother listen to Elvis and Miles Davis; he nearly convinced his father to try mushrooms; he called every friend and lover he ever knew, said his good-byes and announced that "I've said all that I have to say." Though he lived two weeks longer, those were his last words.

Rykodisc has recently reissued the two records he made during his lifetime—*Dangerous* and *Relentless*, originally released in 1990 and 1992 respectively and long since out of print—and two recordings he was working on up until his death, *Arizona Bay* and *Rant In E-Minor*. Each one is a letter bomb to the mind and funny enough to make milk shoot out of your nose. Here's a taste:

On Humanity: "I'm tired of this back-slappin' 'ain't humanity neat?' bullshit, we're a virus with shoes."

On Patriotism: "Whenever I travel abroad, people ask me if I'm proud to be an American and I tell 'em I didn't have much to do with it. My parents just fucked there."

On Integrity: "You do a commercial and you are off the artistic roll call for life. You're another corporate shill, another whore at the capitalist gang bang. Everything you say is suspect, every word that comes out of your mouth is like a turd falling into my drink."

George Michaels: "He is a demon set loose on the earth to lower the standards."

On Rush Limbaugh: "Doesn't he remind you of one of those gay guys that likes to lay in a tub while other men piss on him?"

On Waco: "We had to bust the compound down 'cuz we heard child molestation was going on...if that's true how come we don't see Bradley tanks knocking down Catholic churches."

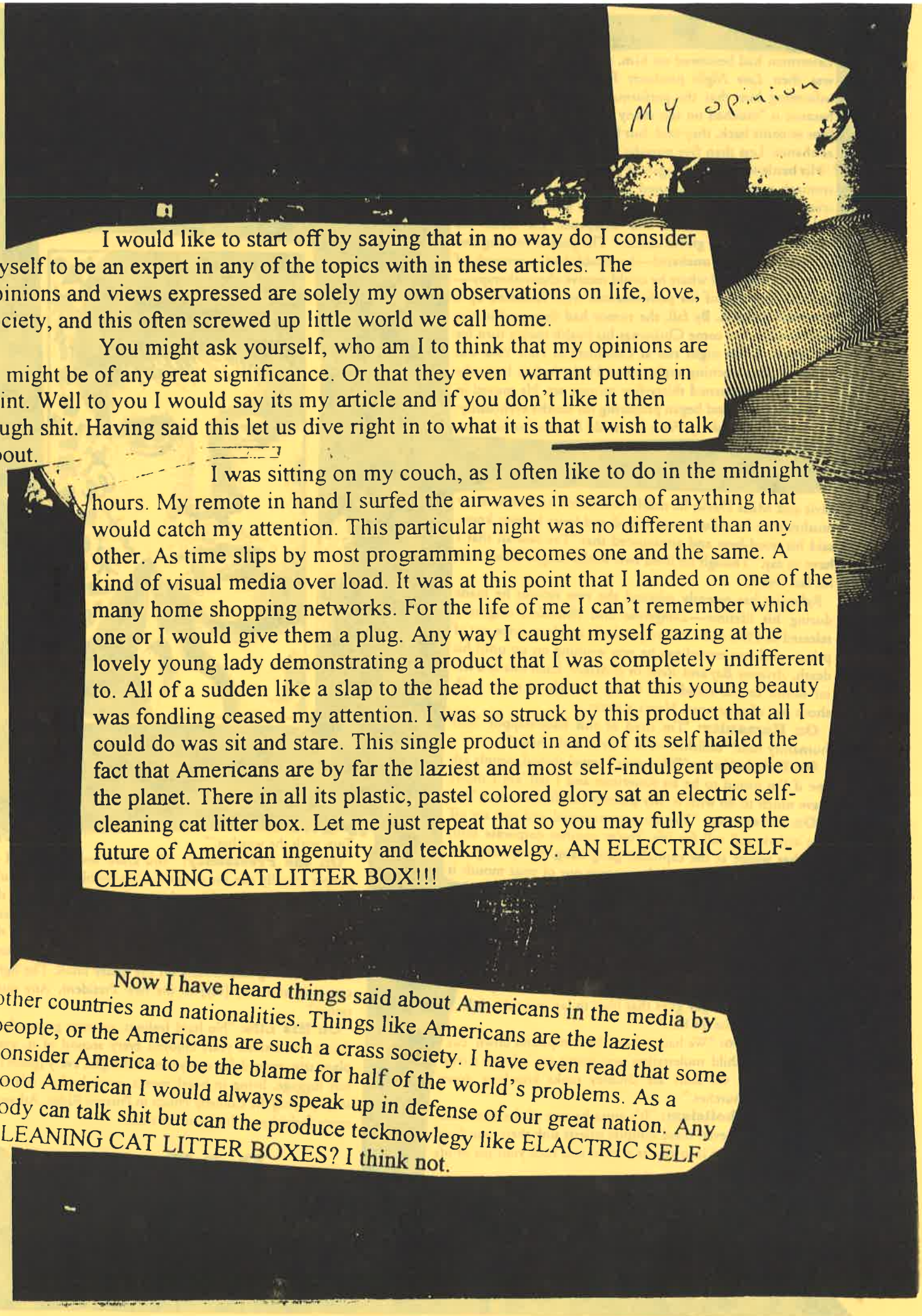
On Catholicism: "It's gotta be one of the most ludicrous beliefs ever; these vampire priests sink their twin fangs of guilt and sin into you as a child and suck your joy of life out of you."

On Psychedelics: "Just once I'd like to see a positive LSD story on the news: 'Today a young man on acid realized that all matter is merely energy condensed to a slow vibration, that we are all one consciousness experiencing itself subjectively, there is no such thing as death, life is only a dream and we are the imagination of ourselves. Here's Tom with the weather.'"

On the Presidency: "You know only a handful of people actually run the country, it's provable... After you're elected you are ushered into this smoke-filled room with the twelve industrialist capitalist scum-fucks that got you elected, a screen comes down and you are shown a film of the Kennedy assassination from an angle you've never seen before, looking suspiciously off the grassy knoll. The lights come up and they [say] to the new President, 'Any questions?'"

On His Life: "No hard feelings, no sour grapes, been doing this sixteen years enjoyed every second of it, every plane trip, every delay, every canceled flight, every [piece of] lost luggage, living in hotel rooms, every broken relationship, playing the Comedy Pouch in Possum Ridge, Arkansas every fuckin' year. It's been my treat."

R.I.P.



I would like to start off by saying that in no way do I consider myself to be an expert in any of the topics with in these articles. The opinions and views expressed are solely my own observations on life, love, society, and this often screwed up little world we call home.

You might ask yourself, who am I to think that my opinions are or might be of any great significance. Or that they even warrant putting in print. Well to you I would say its my article and if you don't like it then tough shit. Having said this let us dive right in to what it is that I wish to talk about.

I was sitting on my couch, as I often like to do in the midnight hours. My remote in hand I surfed the airwaves in search of anything that would catch my attention. This particular night was no different than any other. As time slips by most programming becomes one and the same. A kind of visual media over load. It was at this point that I landed on one of the many home shopping networks. For the life of me I can't remember which one or I would give them a plug. Any way I caught myself gazing at the lovely young lady demonstrating a product that I was completely indifferent to. All of a sudden like a slap to the head the product that this young beauty was fondling ceased my attention. I was so struck by this product that all I could do was sit and stare. This single product in and of its self hailed the fact that Americans are by far the laziest and most self-indulgent people on the planet. There in all its plastic, pastel colored glory sat an electric self-cleaning cat litter box. Let me just repeat that so you may fully grasp the future of American ingenuity and techknowelgy. AN ELECTRIC SELF-CLEANING CAT LITTER BOX!!!

Now I have heard things said about Americans in the media by other countries and nationalities. Things like Americans are the laziest people, or the Americans are such a crass society. I have even read that some consider America to be the blame for half of the world's problems. As a good American I would always speak up in defense of our great nation. Any body can talk shit but can the produce tecknowlegy like ELACTRIC SELF CLEANING CAT LITTER BOXES? I think not.

Its things like this that reaffirm my belief that some were down the great path way of life we haven't just gone astray, we've fallen and we cant get up. Especially with things like education. Education in this country has become more of a nuisance than a priority. Children are taught to be lazy and indifferent to responsibility. From day one in today's school system you are guaranteed your diploma. Not because you are an intellectual giant but because the educational system fears singling out any one as not being as smart as the rest of the class. They fear that some self-ritious parent will sue because their child didn't make head of the class. So now they have lowered the standard of education to fit the lowest common denominator. This insures that the slower children who may need more time and attention can survive school with out trying. This also however insures that the children who would have other wise exeled and sped forward now have no incentive to excel. They only learn that there is no point in trying harder because doing the minimum is just as good and gets you just as far. This also carries over into the work world. It's a known fact that no one should have to work because society really owes them a living. Why else would we have welfare or Medicare. Why should you go out there and bust your ass for minimum wage at some fast food restaurant when you can sit at home have babies and collect a check from the government. Now I'm not one to get down on any one for their life choices but when the going gets tough don't get stupid. And that's all I have to say for now.

subbaculticha this is a song about something there / there is something about this song / we did the clubs what ass / i was hoping to have her in the sack / i was looking handsome / she was looking like an erotic vulture / i was all dressed in black / she was all dressed up in black / every thing was fine down here / what you call it here / call it what you will here / way down down down in this subbaculticha / her warm white belly in the life i'd lived had seen nothing / finer she shakes and she moves me or something / she's like jellyroll like sculpture / i was wearing eyeliner / she was wearing eyeliner / it was so good down here / saving for my scrapbook here / way down down down in this subbaculticha / now we live on the sea and relax and ride the tack / drug running on this panamanian schooner / she walks the deck in a black dress / and me i dress up in black / and we listen to the sea / and look at the sky in a poetic kind of way / what you call it / when you look at the sky in a poetic kind of way / you know when you grope for luna

KNICK KNACK

cover it up get out of the rain put it aside we don't see the same heads you win tails you lose flip the coin it's all in what we choose You see a ghost i see a halo you see a ghost i see a halo you see a ghost i see a halo you see a ghost i see a halo you see a ghost you leave me take care i leave you shoo fly shoo hold yours breath count up to two count to eight open the fate count to seven see you in heaven count to ten count back again time will come back again you see a ghost i see a halo you see a ghost i see a halo you see a ghost i see a halo you see a ghost i see a halo talk up a storm make it sound warm hang up the phone give the dog a bone you're in town and i am here abracadabra disappear cover it up get out of the sun and toss the coin to another one you see a ghost i see a halo you see a ghost i see a halo you see a ghost i see a halo you see a ghost.

Beat Happening

SUB POP

K

Love is a space walk.

Chaos never died. Primordial uncarved block, sole worshipful monster, inert & spontaneous, more ultraviolet than any mythology, the original undifferentiated oneness-of-being still radiates as serene as the pennants of assassins, all random. As perpetually intoxicated as the still knife which pierces the fruit.

Chaos comes before any and all principles of Order and Entropy. Neither god nor maggot, it's idiotic desires encompass as well as define every possible choreography. As soon as you realize that everything in nature is perfectly real, including consciousness, there's absolutely nothing to worry about. Not only have the chains of the Law been broken, they were never there to begin with.: demons never guarded the stars nor guided molecules, the empire never got started, Eros never grew a beard.

Still with me? This is what happened: they lied to you, sold you ideas of good and evil, gave you distrust of your body and disdain for the prophecy of chaos. They invented words of disgust for every layer of love, right down to the primordial level. They mesmerized you with inattention and bored you with a civilization filled with usurious emotion.

The only politics are dream, as urgent as the blueness of a sky.

We need shamans, not priests, bards not lords, hunters not police, gatherers of Paleolithic laziness, gentle as blood, going naked for a sign or painted as birds, all poised on a wave of explicit presence.

Now, an agent of chaos will cast burning glances at anyone or anything capable of bearing witness to their condition. This is a fever of **lux et voluptas**: I am awake only in what I love and desire to the point of terror - everything else is just shrouded furniture, flotsam, jetsam and shit-for-brains, banal censorship and useless pain.

Avatars of chaos act as spies, saboteurs, criminals of amour fou, neither selfless nor selfish. They are as accessible as a child, as mannered as a barbarian, chafed with obsessions, unemployed, sensually deranged, wolfangels and accidental mirrors of contemplation. Eyes like flowers, souls of devils, hands of priests.

The end of the 20th century finds us crawling the cracks between church, state, school, and factory, in the shadow of all those paranoid monoliths. We are cut off from the tribe by feral nostalgia, tunneling after lost words and imaginary bombs.

The last possible **deed** will be the one which defines perception itself: illegal dancing in the corridors of the courthouse, linked by that invisible golden cord. If i were to kiss you here they'd call it an act of terrorism - so let's take our pistols to bed and wake up in the city at midnight. Like drunken bandits celebrating with rounds pumped furiously into the ceiling, a message of the taste of chaos.

NOTWOLF

Review by UNOP

THE GRASSY KNOLL - Positive (CD, Antilles/Polygram, Instrumental/dub/jazz/experimental)
This one makes me feel like I'm dreaming. It gets a rating of "6." which is still as of yet undefined here in babyselland. Honest to Jesus Christ Almighty, this here is one TRIPPY collection of tunes. The one-man project of Bob Green along with whoever he chooses to play with, the Grassy Knoll has a glossy, psychedelic, intense sound that purrs along like a well-oiled motor. Funky, slow rhythms roll by as spaced out sounds move in and out of the background...while obtuse, spastic guitar lines bleed in and out of the speakers. If you like listening to music that makes you feel like you're on the ocean riding the waves at midnight, get hold of this. Soothing and at times, highly discordant, this one reminds me of some of Eno's really early stuff...

Serious Business

Harmful Insects

Insects are everywhere. They fly through the air, crawl on the ground, and live inside the food that you eat.

All insects are bad. They carry diseases, destroy the environment, and adversely affect all mankind.

100? 1000?

Think of how many different kinds of insects there are. How many could there be? A hundred? A thousand? In actuality, there are only six types of insects. Let's look at each one.

This is a common house fly. The fly is a very dangerous insect. If a fly should land on you, you wouldn't live more than an hour. Isn't he cute though?

This is how a spider looks. The webs that spiders spin destroy the ozone layer and make landfills grow rapidly. Have you seen a spider lately? Did you think to kill it?

You probably think that bees are good because they make honey. This is a lie. In actuality, honey causes birth defects and kills little lambs. Bees are also atheists. Above all, though, they are very, very bad.

This is a roach. You can find roaches inside your very own home. Most people think roaches are harmless, but they aren't. They are responsible for 95% of America's drug tafficking. They are also Baptists.

Few would argue that the butterfly is a beautiful creature, but did you know that this beautiful creature spreads AIDS and cancer all over the world? How do you like butterflies now, knowing that they are killing all of your friends?

The final insect type is the ant. Everyone knows what hard workers ants are. What everyone doesn't know is that ants break down family values and cause babies to be aborted by the thousands. Ants do work hard, all right. They work hard to screw you over!

So now you know the six types of insects and the harmful effects of each. Insects carry out Satan's will. Each and every little bug contains little parts of the devil. Insects are your friends! They want to enter your soul!

Review by UNOP

NEW BOMB TURKS - Scared Straight (CD, Epitaph, Rock)
Whew. Playing at a blistering speed, Ohio's New Bomb Turks are an all-out assault of buzzsaw guitar rock. Sounding something like a sped-up Gas Huffer without the redneck twang, these guys sure know how to rock out. And their drummer is a REAL powerhouse. Apparently these guys have quite a devoted following judging by some of the reviews they've received. In the genre of fast rock, there are lots of posers. The New Bomb Turks are definitely the real thing. Virtually all of these tunes will put blisters on your ear drums, but my top picks are "Hammerless Nail," "Jeers of a Clown," "Shoot the Offshoot," and "Wrest Your Hands."

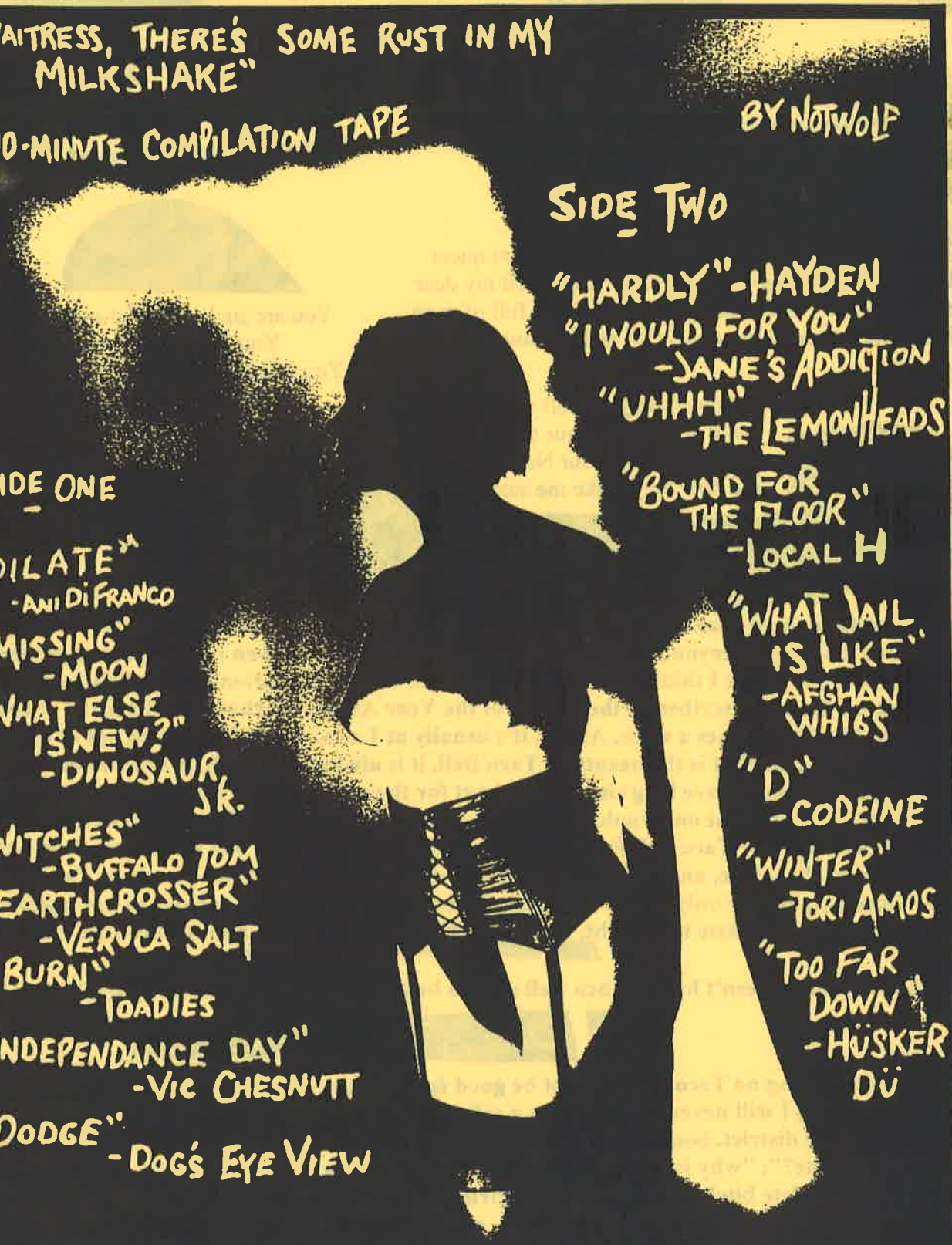
% Alc
le, Kei

original finesse developed with care.
There is nothing better in the market.

"WAITRESS, THERE'S SOME RUST IN MY MILKSHAKE"

90-MINUTE COMPILATION TAPE

BY NOTWOLF



SIDE ONE

"DILATE"
-ANI DIFRANCO

"MISSING"
-MOON

"WHAT ELSE IS NEW?"
-DINOSAUR JR.

"WITCHES"
-BUFFALO TOM

"EARTHCROSSER"
-VERUCA SALT

"I BURN"
-TOADIES

"INDEPENDANCE DAY"
-VIC CHESNUTT

"DODGE"
-DOG'S EYE VIEW

SIDE TWO

"HARDLY"-HAYDEN

"I WOULD FOR YOU"
-JANE'S ADDICTION

"UHHH"
-THE LEMONHEADS

"BOUND FOR THE FLOOR"
-LOCAL H

"WHAT JAIL IS LIKE"
-AFGHAN WHIGS

"D"
-CODEINE

"WINTER"
-TORI AMOS

"TOO FAR DOWN"
-HÜSKER DÜ

TACO BELL

by FreakOut

And now, please enjoy this sonnet I wrote about my love, my lord and savior, the son of Pepsi, Taco Bell:

The feeling that you give me to many may seem queer
But I dream of making love to you, oh Taco Bell my dear
I think about your hard shell tacos, so firm and full of meat.
How I long to feast upon this rich and luscious treat.

I dream about your soft shells too
and about your sour cream.
I think about your Nachos
and how they make me scream.

You are such a special soul these days
You serve me so very long.
You respect me like a restaurant should.
Our love is like a song.

I hunger for your Chili Cheese Burritos,
Embrace your Mountain Dew.
Taco Bell, please always know
That I'm in love with you.

I have recently realized that I am obsessed with Taco Bell. At first I thought I may have been in love with it, but I am far, far beyond that. I love Taco Bell so much, I'm even contemplating getting *a job* there. I eat there so much I think I could be a candidate to win the national Taco Bell Award for Most Valued Patron (better described as the Stoner of the Year Award), if that award existed of course. I go to Taco Bell like 10-15 times a week. Albeit, it's usually at 1 a.m., when I'm stoned out of my mind and starving to death. See, that is the beauty of Taco Bell, it is always open. Okay, *sometimes* it closes, but only after all the stoners have long since passed out for the night. I don't really have a favorite Taco Bell delicacy, to choose just one would be like blasphemy. All Taco Bell foods exist because of the existence of all the other Taco Bell foods. They are all one. To say that one was better than another would interrupt that cycle, and corrupt the natural existence of Taco Bell as a whole. I'm just kidding. I prefer Gorditas, but my only problem is that you have to put like four packets of hot sauce on the freaking things to even taste it! Alright, so maybe that's one bad thing about Taco Bell, the hot sauce.

Any city that doesn't have a Taco Bell should be declared uninhabitable by the United States government. Having no Taco Bell can not be good for the future of any city. I vow that when and if I have children 1) I will never send them to a religious school and 2) I will not raise them in a non-Taco Bell having district. Sometimes I start thinking to myself "god, life sucks", "why do I live in this boring dairy state?", "why is my sister a complete bitch?", "why is my mom a complete bitch?", "why is my dad a complete bitch?", "why is my boyfriend a complete bitch?", "why is everyone else in the world a conformist?", "why do people hate?", or "why is there nothing on the freaking television, how can you have 72 channels and watch nothing except Prevue Guide 24 hours a day?", but then I just think to myself "Tina! You live 4 blocks away from a Taco Bell! Where the hell do you get off complaining about *anything*??" My friends are always asking me how I can always be so happy all the time. Well, there's my secret.

you know who I am going to talk about: the Taco Bell haters. Never before in my life have I encountered a bigger group of pure concentrated *losers*. I mean, I can understand if you hate something that the masses love, such as Hanson or the Spice Girls. I can't relate to being defined by my hate of someone but I at least have a very minute understanding of it. But to hate, as in actually loathe and despise, a fast food restaurant? Anyone who has read this page's guestbook has seen the psychosis of these people known as Taco Bell haters. They write and tell me that *I* have no life because I love Taco Bell. The thing is, when I claimed to love Taco Bell, it was a *joke*. I would never actually want to make love to Taco Bell. I *would* make love to Pepsi. But I wouldn't make love to Taco Bell. Taco Bell is a cheap slut. What I'm asking is, if *I'm* a loser because I love Taco Bell, and hate is actually a stronger emotion than love could ever be, and you *hate* Taco Bell, what exactly does that make you? Or then there's the people who say I have too much time on my hands if I go to Taco Bell that much. Yeah, you must really have nothing to do if you have to resort to *eating* to pass the time. (?) These people never fail to discuss some type of bodily function or sex act in their e-mail/guestbook entries. So, to answer the questions and to clear things up: I am 120 pounds, I have no digestive tract problems, I do not have bad breath, and I wrote this page for *fun*. Oh and most importantly, *I don't care* what you did to that dog. If you are telling the truth about that, I am *not* the one you need to be talking to.

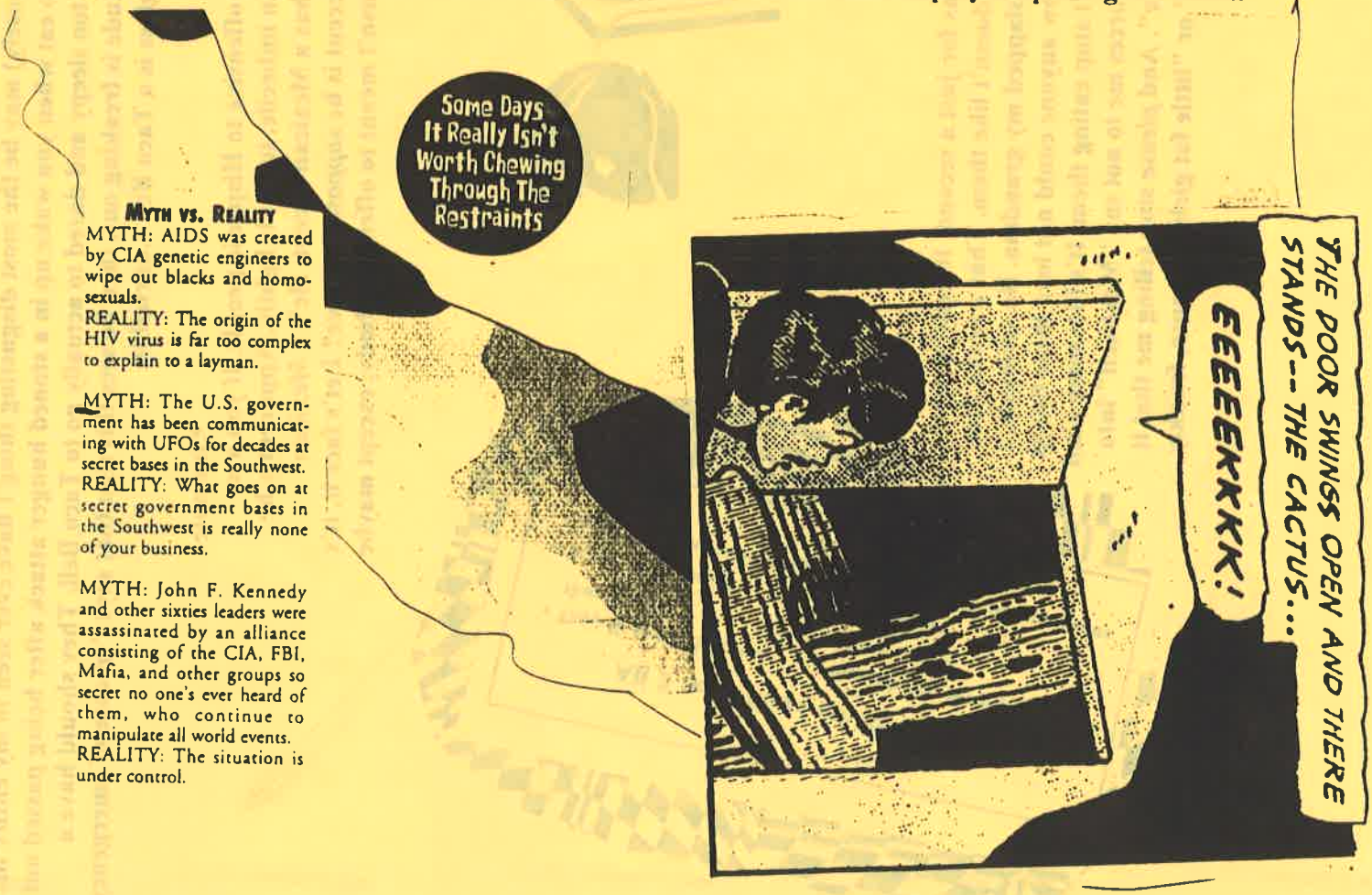
And, as if life couldn't get any better, they have now come out with Taco Bell Lunchables. We as stoners need to get down on our knees and thank God for this invention. I mean, that "meat" (the term meat being used very loosely) may be the most disgusting thing I have ever seen in my entire life, but this is the perfect thing to eat when you wake up in a stoned hunger attack after being passed out for an hour or so and you're too sleepy and dazed to actually go to Taco Bell. They should have a commercial where a stoner dude is freaking out, then he sees this sign that says "In case of emergency, break glass" and under the glass is a Taco Bell Lunchable.

One note about Dinky and his being offensive to Hispanic people. If you are offended by that, you are an imbecile, to put it lightly. Apparently he offends people because he has a Mexican accent. He's a *Mexican* chihuahua, what kind of accent is he *supposed* to have? Let's face it, it's just a commercial and it wasn't meant to offend anybody, except maybe Christians.

So, let's talk about Gorditas for just a second. Recently, my grandma told me that she doesn't like them. That was the first and only time that I bitch slapped my grandma. No seriously, I really don't understand how anyone could not love these things more than life itself. I can't stop eating them. It's like some kind of gravitational pull that forces me to not say "Meximelt" into the Taco Bell "microphone". And *please* stop telling me that it means either "fat woman" or "little fat girls" because, frankly, it grosses me out.

But, what about their commercial? Yes, what *about* their commercial? Doesn't it sound like they are chanting "Lord Jesus" rather than "Gorditas"? The answer is yes, it does. (Trust me.) Let's see here. circa July 1997: The Taco Bell Love Page compares Taco Bell to Jesus Christ (see above). circa January 1998: *Taco Bell* compares Taco Bell to Jesus Christ. Six months seems like just the right amount of time to come up with an ad campaign, wouldn't you say so? Copyright infringement? You be the judge!

There have been two issues that I have been begged to address on this page. The first is sporks. In case you don't know, sporks are those little "the fork ran away with the spoon and had a love child" things that they have at Taco Bell for eating some type of delicacy that you cannot, for whatever reason, eat with your hands. I swear, if *one* more person calls me any foul mouthed, vile, obscene name just because I haven't talked about sporks, I ... I am... I don't know what I'm going to do actually. And for your information, that's a promise, not a threat. I don't talk about sporks because I don't *care* about sporks. If I was one of those fairies who ate some type of salad rather than *real* food like a Double Decker Taco, I would talk about sporks on this page. But, since I am not, I don't. And, I suppose I need a disclaimer for that too: I was only *joking* about the fairy part, actually, no I'm not. I'm just trying to say that when I see a spork, my blood pressure and heart rate remain the same, and I apologize if that offends you. The second thing is Green Sauce. Green Sauce is the secret stuff that is only available on request, at least around here. I've gotten at least 40 letters saying how great this stuff is. So, one evening, I remembered to request it. I went home and poured a packet of it on my sister's Nachos Bell Grande. I couldn't taste anything so then I poured most of another entire packet on my Gordita. It should be noted that these are about 3 times the size of a regular hot sauce packet. I ate the Gordita and couldn't taste a thing. I wondered why people were freaking out about a tasteless sauce, so to experiment, I drank the rest of the packet. And I just barely tasted an extremely mild taste that was so bland that I cannot even remember what it tasted like. But, decide for yourself. Request Green Sauce your next trip. It's at least worth the sight of seeing a Taco Bell employee opening the vault.



GERMS (Tribute) - A Small Circle of Friends (CD, Grass, Rock)
Over five years in the making, this tribute CD features a star-studded cast that includes L7, the Melvins, the Posies, the Wrens, O-matic, That Dog, the Meat Puppets, and a whole slew of others (including some bands that were formed just for this tribute). The top track here for me is certainly the Melvins' cover of "Lexicon Devil," which sounds very much like speed metal. Interestingly, the most inaccessible track is Matthew Sweet's cover of "Dragon Lady," in which Matthew goes electronic...with some very interesting results. The Germs were one of the very first California punk bands. Lead singer Darby Crash committed suicide the day before John Lennon was shot. Gone but not forgotten, the Germs obviously left a permanent impression on a great many folks, as this tribute CD certainly proves...

Review by LMNOP

SHONEN KNIFE
Ah — the phenomenon of Shonen Knife — three babes from Toyland. Can't say they're too awfully original (they remind me quite a bit of two French bands — The Calamities and X-Ray Pop). But there is a certain charm to putting soy sauce on a cheeseburger and serving it with French fried seaweed. And a certain charm in the loopy, groovy song titles. These songs were gathered from hard-to-get earliest releases, and their biggest appeal is in the incessant smiley face grasp of look Ma, only three chords school of rock. What if the Ramones married the Go-Go's and had Pollyanna and Mary Poppins raise their three kids. Or what if these were the bastard daughters of Annabella and 10,000 Buddist monks. These cuties dress up in Mama Punk's high heels and jewelry and smear bright red lipstick all over their smiles, but they'll still scream and giggle over CBGB's bathrooms. "Twist Barbie" is good though it borrows a big bit from the infamous Plastic Bertrand song. But just to hear Shonen Knife sing "oh sexy girl" about Barbie is worth the whole kit and kaboodle. The drumming is right on throughout, and the bass follows a steady flirt with it.

"Burning Farm" is also great, making me think the first words out of the mouths of cave people around the campfire were "sha na na nana" and they've been with us ever since. Cute as buttons and putting the fun back in rock, the world needs Shonen Knife. (Giant/Rockville, P.O. Box 800, Rockville Center, NY 11571) —*Reyne Cuccuro*

even
when you break my heart
and blow the fuses to
my stereo
my soul can always
light me up like a Texas
Independance Night.

if you scrape the
blackboard with your
nails
i can always stick my fingers in
my ears
and just watch

sometimes you make
me feel about as welcome
as the wet spot
but i'll always smile
because that's the way
Monet
drew me

None Dare Call It...

STARTLING PROOF!

#662 "DEVIL'S FOOD, PART II"

©1991 RON HAUGE

The Armchair Cartographer: Maps As Fiction

by James Reel

"NOW WHEN I WAS A LITTLE CHAP I had a passion for maps," says Marlow in Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. "I would look for hours at South America, or Africa, or Australia, and lose myself in all the glories of exploration. At that time there were many blank spaces on the earth, and when I saw one that looked particularly inviting on a map (but they all look that) I would put my finger on it and say, 'When I grow up I will go there.'"

Every unread novel is a space inviting exploration; "When I have time I will look into that book." And there's no more intriguing way to enter a novel's realm than through a fictitious map.

Peter Whitfield touches on maps' storytelling power in his lavishly illustrated, carefully pondered, but poorly proofread The Image of the World: 20 Centuries of World Maps: "The act of representing reality in maps may not be too different from the act of representing it in art or literature: the impulse to crystallize, comprehend, and therefore control aspects of reality."

The Soviets, remember, tried to control reality by issuing false maps. Complicit cartographers either displaced or passed over certain small towns where the government cached military installations, dissidents, or critical mines or factories.

Lying with maps must have been a fine challenge. But organizing and defining the world beyond the cartographer's true knowledge has been even more daunting yet alluring. John Noble Wilford, in The Mapmakers, writes, "Once, the map makers' range was quite limited. The only maps that could be trusted were confined to immediate surroundings. Those that essayed to describe distant lands and seas were, until the modern era, exercises in conjecture based on inadequate surveying, wishful thinking, theological dogma, or sheer imagination."

Conjecture, wishing, imagination, even a bit of dogma: these are the very elements of fiction. So it makes perfect sense to accompany a novel with a map. Devising a tale and drafting a map of unfamiliar lands are, really, twin endeavors.

"(Maps') origin is instinctive, in that they are products of both the intellect and the imagination confronting problems in reality," writes Whitfield, who could be describing the genesis of any novel.

The parallel may not be so clear if you consider only today's drab, factual road charts. Think instead about Roman and Medieval world maps, in which, according to Whitfield, "the natural and miraculous wonders of the world are of far greater interest than objective geographical description." Or look at the seventeenth century's ornate world maps, decorated with mythological figures, scenes from antiquity, and portraits of contemporary monarchs. What unites these disparate figures, explains Whitfield, "is the intention of the map maker to display not merely the world but the forces which shape and control the world." Such an intention, of course, lies behind any novel, too.

Another of the map's text boxes, labeled "The Indian Connection," states: "Sixty million Native Americans died between 1500 and 1600. The Indian wars have no unabated. Americans acknowledge" Native American resistance to things European Americans than the return of all tribal lands. Native Americans never ended in the seek nothing less

Presumptuous (Silko claims to speak for all Native Americans), cynical, yet not entirely devoid of humor -- these are antagonistic we expect from Almanac of the Dead just from opening the qualities we aren't being misled. the cover and looking at the map. And we

So how logical and wonderful it is to open a novel and find a map as an extension of the story. Especially if the map is designed with the demeanor and bias of the prose just ahead.

The map may offer a bitter foretaste of the story to come. On the endpapers of Leslie Marmon Silko's novel Almanac of the Dead lies a map centered on the Arizona-Mexico border. This is how the map labels Tucson: "Home to an assortment of speculators, confidence men, embezzlers, lawyers, judges, police and other criminals, as well as addicts and pushers, since the 1880s and Apache Wars."

ergie. T-shirt $1
Jones New York Jack
Jacket, $145, by DKNY Jeans. T-shirt, $9, by Jockey

A map may be even more seductively exotic than the text it previews. Consider the cartography in The Lord of the Rings and related books by J.R.R. Tolkien. Run your finger across the page, over the herringbone mountains, the strange quasi-Middle English place names, and the hand-scratched details of woods and streams and Orc-haunted hills. Then try to resist entering Tolkien's fantasy world.

A map shouldn't be valued merely as a guide to the story's locale. Haruki Murakami's Hard-Boiled Wonderland and the End of the World includes a map of the End of the World, the dream place that has some inscrutable bearing on the main character's real life. The End of the World is an enclosed, rather Kafkaesque settlement that may represent a psychological predicament, or a metaphysical puzzle, or hell.

Murakami's map is hardly essential for you to get your bearings in the End of the World, but it is important for setting the tone of the chapters that deal with this place. Certain spots on the map are marked "Abandoned Barracks," "Ruins of House," "Power Station," "Wilderness," "Shadow Grounds, " "Watchtower," "Beasts Enclosure." Unless you mistakenly believe you've opened the manual for the computer game "Myst," you can tell immediately that the ensuing novel will concern mystery, loss, and surrender of personal control, all in mysterious surroundings.

Murakami's map may be optional, but occasionally a novel's very ~~structure or pretense demands~~ cartography. Last Letters from Hav by Jan Morris is a novel by a travel writer, presented in the form of a travel memoir. It describes a summer spent in the fictitious international crossroads city of Hav, sort of a Hong Kong on the Crimean, perhaps a Sevastopol with a bad harbor. The novel is partly a satire of travel writing, but partly an elegy for lost pockets of place -- the colorful, singular, complex locales that are now pretty much homogenized into world culture. Hav has been enriched by two millennia of cultural imperialism, but that very imperialism brings it down at the end of the twentieth century.

Morris is both a perceptive sociological observer and a skilled faker. Even though she's created this society, she knows how to make it seem that she's peering into it from the outside. And essential to the conceit of this novel-as-travelogue is the reader's ability to peer at the city from above, by flipping back to the map of Hav's topography, quarters, and monuments.

A novel's map needn't be so detailed, so keyed to the narrative. The endpapers of Charles Frazier's Cold Mountain display a Civil War-era map of the novel's setting, the southern Blue Ridge Mountains. This map does not, however, bother to trace the route of Inman, the character who's wandering home from war. It merely presents a context for Inman's travels, showing the web of rivers and bad roads in which he's tangled, and the dreary flatlands rising, eventually, to Inman's beloved hill country.

Naturally, some stories are better off without maps. Heart of Darkness begins without one, and rightly so; although the plot follows Marlow deep into the jungle, the important journeys here are interior and unmappable. For a similar reason, one appreciates the exclusion of maps in Jack Kerouac's On the Road and Thomas Pynchon's Mason & Dixon. These novels concern the souls of adventurers, and geography itself is rather beside the point.

Maps in such books would be all wrong. However imaginative it can be, cartography exists to clarify, to put things in perspective, and thus must be used in fiction with great care. Fictive maps are great as opening teasers, or as supplementary material that enriches the story. So let novel-cartographers draw their inventive maps, but allow intrepid readers to draw their own conclusions.

Frazier's narrative generally evades place names, at least along Inman's path, for this traveler has only a vague notion of where he may be and how he may reach his destination. Frazier's scenic description is always keen, but it's the land that matters, not what people call their settlements and surroundings, how they're labeled on a map.

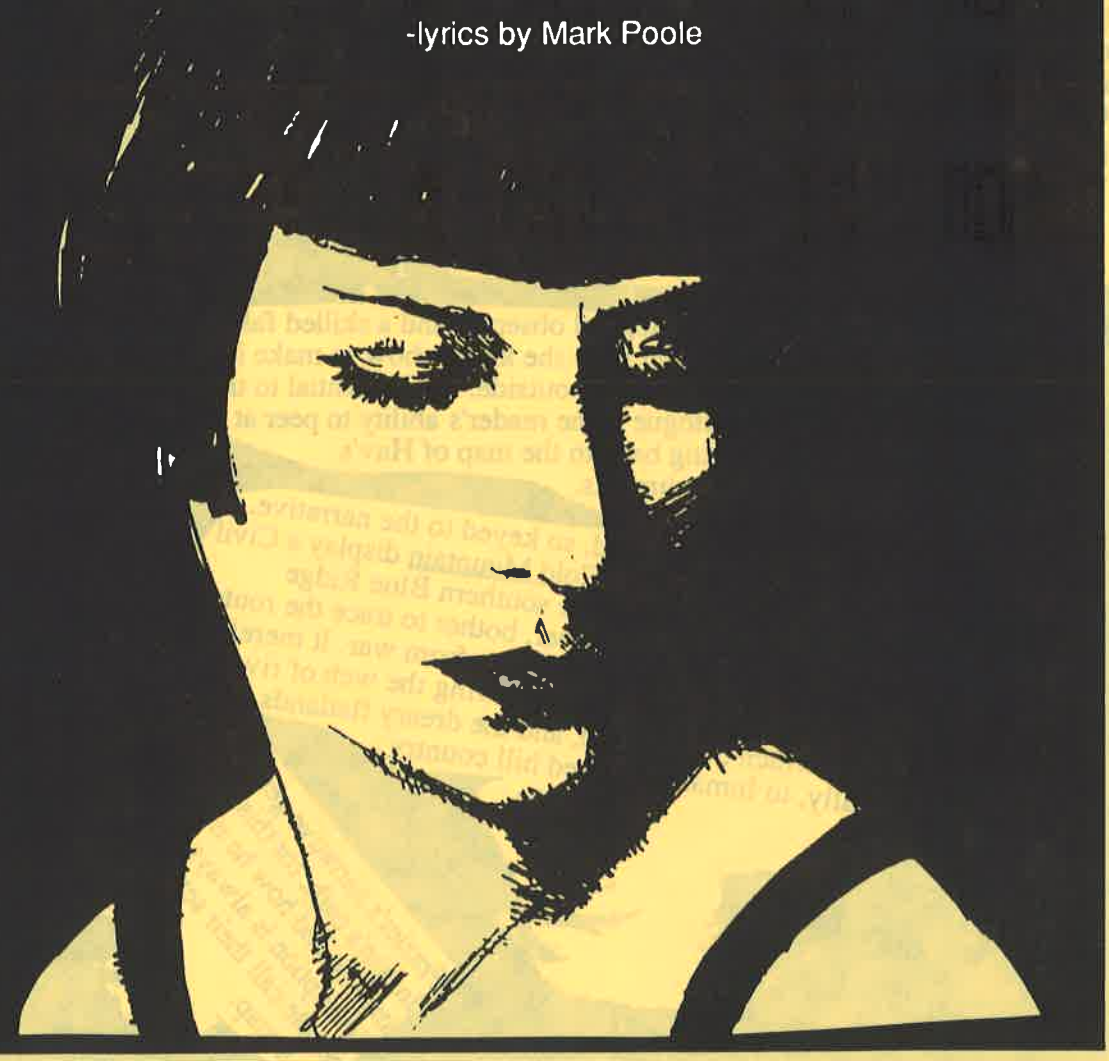
Two Options

What was she gonna do? Now I'm obsessed with that
It's like a staring game, but not for very long
Or a moving grey monster tidal wave creeping up from inside her
That was gonna break

Her mouth dropped wide only everyday
From the stupid shit she heard people say
But all the things she saved she should have thrown away
She didn't have to hear. There was no need to stay

What was she gonne do? Now I'm obsessed with that
Like a scary game she should've thrown away
All mouths drop wide behind her
All the things she saved kept her hanging on
Like a moving grey monster tidal wave
Or a staring game and I'm obsessed with that
What was she gonna do?

-lyrics by Mark Poole



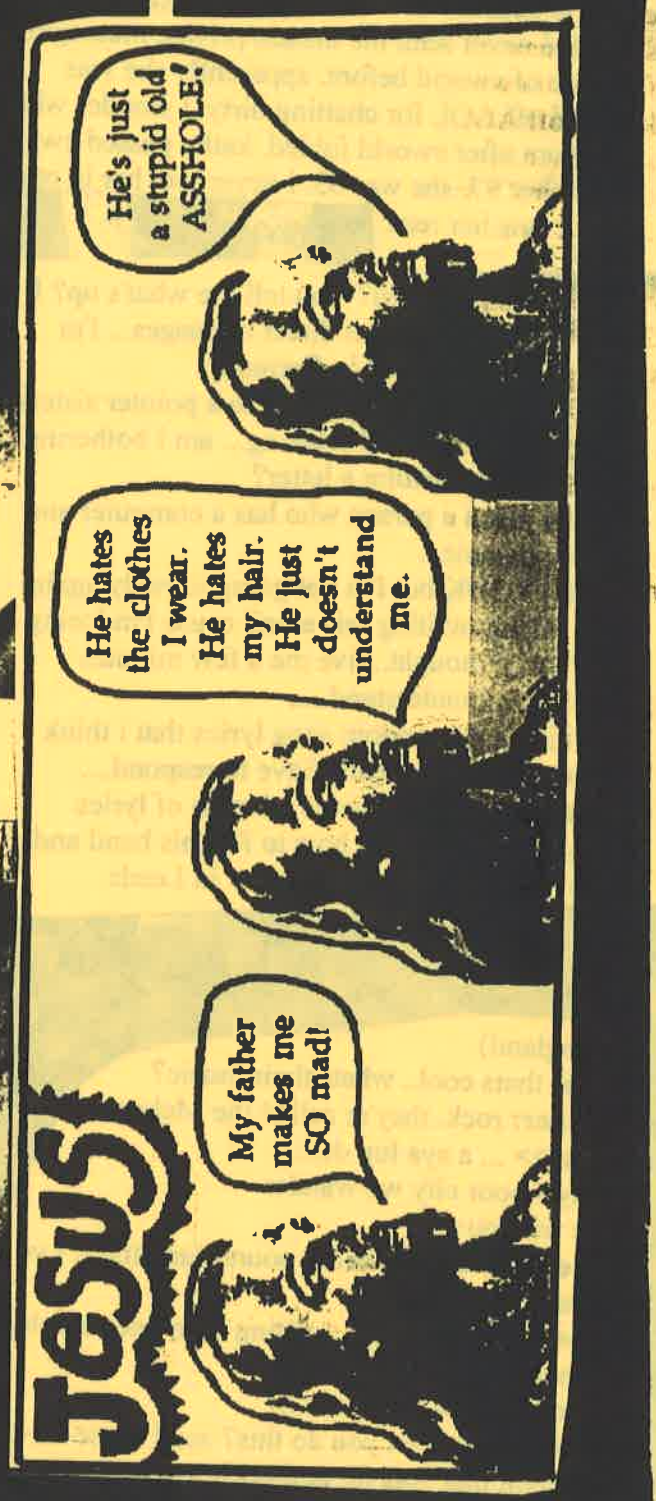
Graves to Rob, Houses to Haunt, Blood to Drink

4

Roanoke needs a group tearing down the fence and planting new ideas in the thriving music community. Well, consider it dismantled and set ablaze for good measure.

Drawing from such giants as David Bowie and Brian Eno, Shakespace does exactly what is supposed to be done, they use their influences as influences, not a mold in which to cast their talents.

At sixteen songs (15 originals and a John Lennon cover) in a little over an hour, the self-titled debut begins with a polite introduction to their style, drawing you in with tasteful combinations of rock and synth. Gathering momentum, the tone evolves into a strong set of Pop pieces. Paring a powerful, raw, churning guitar with a constantly evolving set of effects, and weaving them into a blanket of electronica, they create a wall of sound that forms the ground in which they work. This idea sets the theme for the entire record. By combining tasteful guitar solos, well-delivered vocals, and adjusting the various ingredients, they are able to guide you along a number of diverse musical structures. Michelle's Nico-on-a-happy-day and Jeremy's consistently scratchy I-love-you-I-love-you-I-hate-you-good-bye vocals ease you into this intense record that demands to be listened to in its entirety. The melodic, almost ambient, feel of Seas On Glass and Mean (Jaded Mix) seems to contrast sharply with the force of Paper Plane/Flimmer and Window. Add to that the Euro-Pop of Dream Alone, and the well constructed re-mixes that pepper the record, and you run the risk of over-crowding. Thankfully, expert production blends everything together beautifully. In fact, the fluidity of the record may be its strongest point. They went into the studio to make an ALBUM, not a hit single, and they succeeded



— W. Hunt

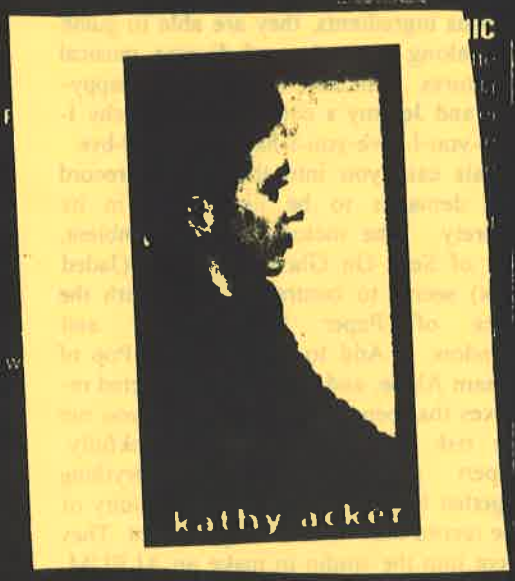
this chat happened in the fall of 1995. i had a free eworld account and found kathy acker on there. she had never seen the instant/private messages feature of eworld before. apparently she was kicked off AOL for chatting dirty. i wonder where she went after eworld folded. kathy passed away december 97. she was 53. i never met her in real life or saw her read.

By IdyllicChik2

Acker: Who are you? You tell me what's up? I didn't know I could get direct messages... I'm writing a close friend in Germany.
Me: whats up, is im listening to a pointer sisters record from 1974 and relaxing... am i bothering you while yer writing a letter?
Me: i am just a person who has a computer and knew yer name...
Acker: It's OK but I'm not going to reply again until I finish writing this email cause I'm losing my train of thought..give me a few minutes
Me: sure... i understand.....
Me: i just type random song lyrics that i think i hear and you dont really have to respond....
Acker: Cool...I just wrote a bunch of lyrics though I have no idea how to for this band and they're doing the recording now in Leeds

Me: ok. you can only do it with people on eworld... right...
and they have to be on at the time, obviously. you go to ((membershit))
on the menu
Me: and you pull it down and theres one on one...
Me: (or command E)
Me: and enter the persons name and if they are there... then there they are .
Acker: I didn't know you could do this...boy youlearn everything when you're hungry...where do you live
Me: i live in san fran ;;;; mcallister and broderick (one block west of divis)
Acker: You live near me..that's totally wierd
Me: it is ; yet we will never see each other..
Me: unless youtake the 5 bus!
Acker: well...I don't take buses...I'm allergic...I've got these motorcycles...
Me: ahh i see. a dyke on a byke??
i think im going to buy one this summer but im po as shid
and ill have to buy rice burner..
Me: but the bus is something else. fuck this old

(England)
Me: thats cool.. whats their music?
Acker: rock..they're called the Mekons...
Me:>> ... a aya lup de....
city a poor city we wander
he wit you<<<
Me: i think the mekons sound famaliar... i ve heard of them..
Me: >>a ya luke de... sitting on a once a colored fences...<<
Me: ((its old dub now...))
Acker: how can you do this? send a one-on-one..I thought that was for authorities or something..
Me: really AUTHORITIES.... fuck im an authority..
Acker: old? new? whatthe hell
Acker: what kind of authority
Acker: I've got to answer this other message...back in a moment
Me: cool...
Me: >>.. i can be when be there no one. i always try to do the good i can,
but then i get hanged and um....<<
Acker: You're back..so how can I do this one-on-one...it's fun..



black man got on today in full comando gear. boots and a huge fuckin knife. with like fake medals

Acker: Yeah. I've got a rice burner (2) they beat Harleys silly except for the Harleys that cost too much guess I'm a semi-dyke on byke

Me: ah. i could only afford like 1000 dollars. so ill geta shitty one.
my roomie has a bike and its kinda a drag on the back of his all the time... specially when we are toasted.

Acker: last time I took a bus, back from the bike shop, some junky girl sat on my lap while there was a fight in the front..I guess it's one way to see the world...no you can't drink too much when driving a bike tho I have

Me: yeah its scary as all marymotherogod....
but im never really scared at the time. its like later..

Acker: like me on a bike..at least once a day I think boy that was close but then it's all glory and heaven and huge sky on a bike

Me: yeah. there is no other way. specially in this city. i just moved from philadelphia a little while ago./.

Me: so i have to :save: to get one..

Acker: Philly's cool...I was just there...I almost lived there once...

Me: i almost lived there too. but it happened 'almost' for 20 years.

Me: its a dirty dirty place sometimes

Acker: I know what you mean..I think most of my life's been like that...except for work

Acker: every city is that's part of the beauty

Me: hmmm. i actually lived in new mexico for awhile and went back to philla (where i was born). i was hungry for dirt again.

Acker: yeah. I don't think I could ever live full-time in the country...I'd be too hungry for decay and rot

Me: bad smells. the smell of a fat sweaty 17 year old pregnant girl. on the bus.

Acker: worse than that. oh well, it's so easy to love what makes you shake. to a certain extent. I was driving down Divis the other day and someone shot a gun a few inches away...I don't think I could love that

Me: fuck really? what time? ive heard a few gunshots. its funny here eveyone really lives intermixed. there isnt as much segregationas other US cities..

Acker: it was late afternoon..there was this huge bang. like an explosion, much more than a backfire...yeah, here everyone's mixed, at least on the surface.then you start learning about the underlying structures...this city is deeply grounded in class difference..the classes don't really mix

Me: yeah i think i know what your saying...
its just that i always find myself walking with friends and they are like some gangstas killed a kid there and over there.. like all around. maybe i just live in a shittier neighborhood than i think..:

Me: in philly its still like white people live HERE italians live HERE
black people live UP THERE AWAY FROM HERE

Acker: yeah, your neighborhood's a bit more rotten than mine...I used to live in a really roten neighborhood in NYC...junky needles instead of doorsteps...weapon city...but I'm starving I HAVE to eat dinner like now...let's be in touch again. OK?

Me: later skater.
have byke fun.

Acker: Cool....good talking to you...and again

Me: adios

NICE GUYS ANONYMOUS

names changed to thinly veil the obvious

Hi, my name is Ted Ness and I'm a *nice guy*. I came from a stereotypical 'nuclear family.' My parents are still living and are still very much in love. Our family was never really rich, but there was always food in our somewhat large house, and we always seemed to have a little extra money for things like vacations, a new stereo, television or whatever. They raised me with a respectable set of values. Although I've turned my back on some of the political ones, I still hold most of the moral ones in very high regard.

I grew up learning to play by the rules. I never skipped school, I did my best, and I always came home when they asked me to. My parents gave me the opportunity to go to college, and the flexibilty to change colleges when my goals changed.

I respect my employers and try to do my best for them. That means I tend not to drink much during the week, and I try to go to bed early so I'm fresh in the morning.

I don't hit girls, and I try to help out my friends in any way I can whenever necessary. I do my best to respect the rights of those around me.

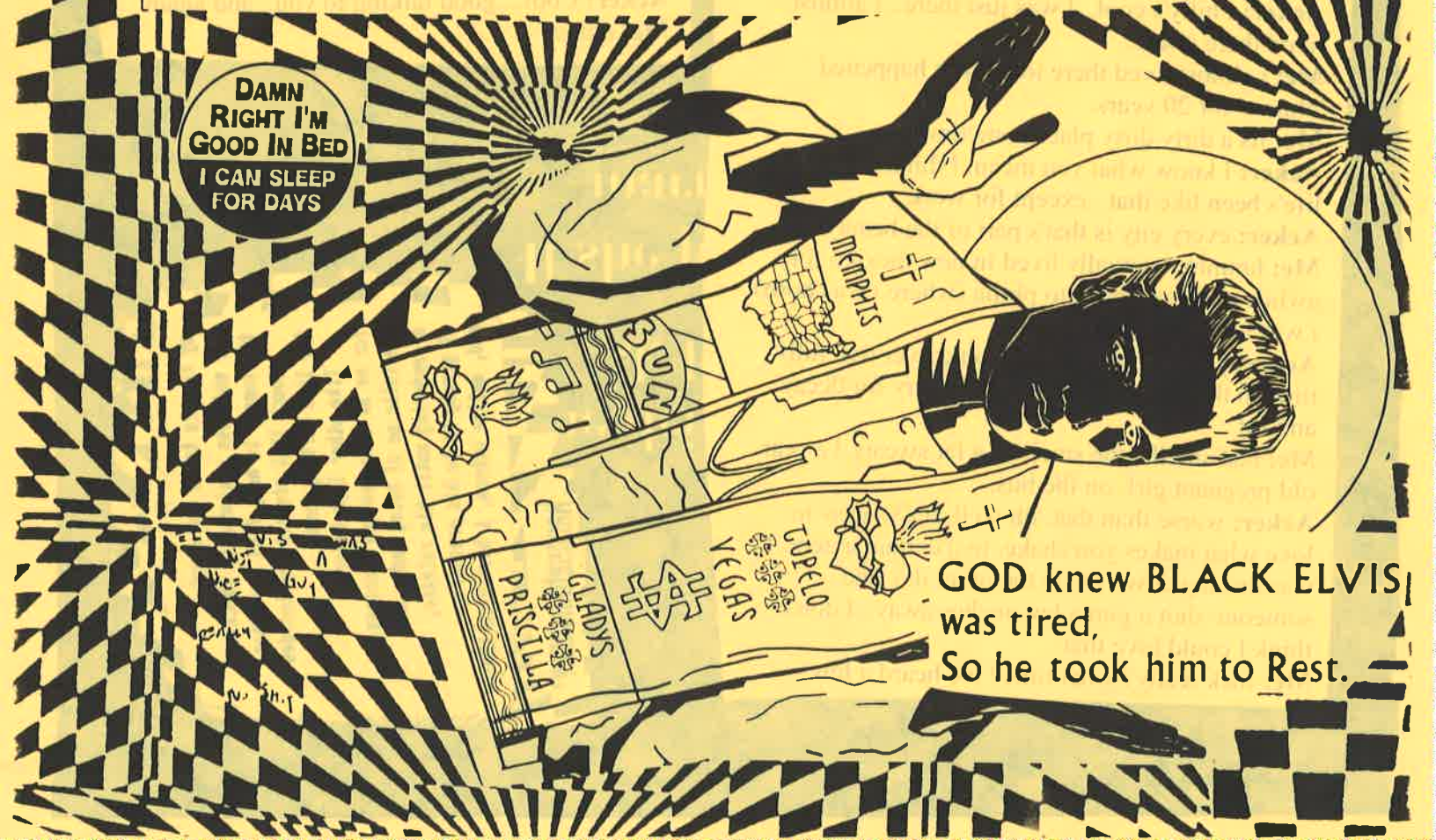
I first realized that I am a Nice Guy immediately after my high school graduation. My mom told me that one of the most attractive girls in my graduating class approached her and said, 'Ted was the one guy that every girl's mom wanted her to go out with.' Since that time, I have amassed a very respectable collection of wonderfully attractive female *friends* .

My high school class voted me Most All-American Male.

My name is Ted Ness, and I'm a Nice Guy.

(applause, hugs, etc.)

-Crap Jackson. Still casual after all these ~~tears~~ years.



No Phase Art Gallery

We are a non-profit art collective hoping to re-open soon with your help.

No Phase is comprised of Roanoke's underground artists.

We are students, teachers, waiters, store owners, insurance salesmen, steel workers, computer programmers. We are musicians, writers, poets, dancers and creators. We are straight, bi-sexual, gay, married, single, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, friends.

We are caring, loyal and uncompromising. We are the essence of youthfulness, desire, passion and action.

We are the future of the culture of this city.

We are No Phase.

To get involved call Michelle at 540.982.1677. Don't let Roanoke become a sprawling strip mall city.

COMBAT

Congressmen Appeal Lawsuit to Stop U.S. Bombing

READY

June 8 1999

Press Release

-uping for the

Is..... ....u. scaring the shit out of a

Today, Judge Paul Friedman of the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia granted President Clinton's motion to dismiss a suit filed by thirty-one Members of Congress, including Congressmen Tom Campbell (R-CA) and Dennis Kucinich (D-OH).

Congressman Campbell stated, "The federal district court ruling today destroys the War Powers Act. The judge held that Members of Congress cannot bring a lawsuit against the President to enforce the Act. The Act is of no use if the President can ignore it, which he has, and no Member of Congress can do anything about that violation. The War Powers Act says US armed forces have to be pulled out of a situation of hostilities within 60 days unless the Congress has affirmatively approved their being there. We have had troops in hostilities in Yugoslavia for over 74 days now. The Administration does not deny that. They simply ignore their obligations under the law. And now the federal court has let them get away with it.

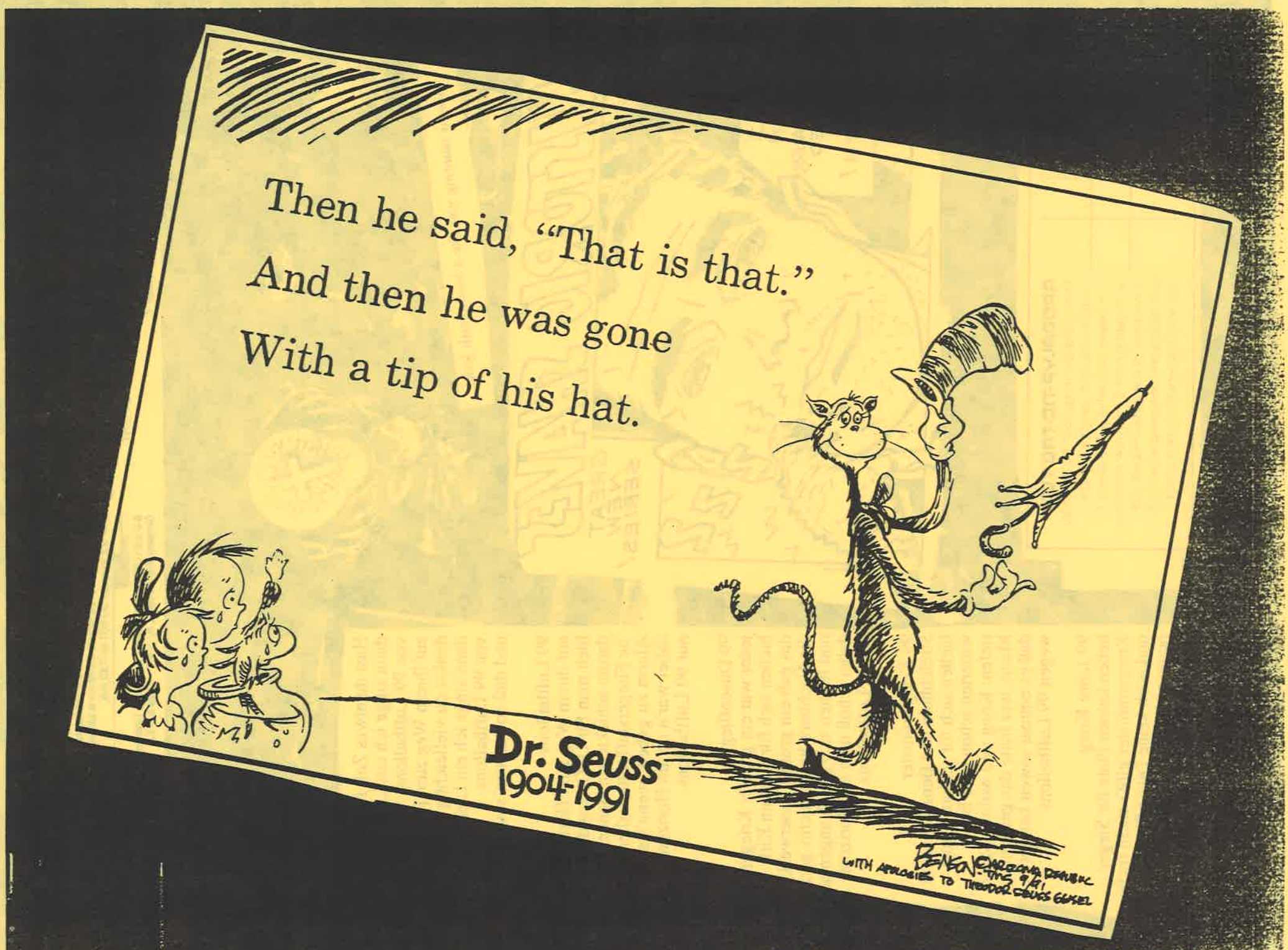
The opinion of the federal district court, in its own terms, rejects all previous opinions of the district court and circuit court, holding, instead, that the Supreme Court's opinion in Raines v. Byrd is the only relevant precedent. In Raines, a group of legislators sued over the line-item veto, but they were denied standing because they were not in a position to state their votes on any particular issue had been entirely nullified. By contrast, the group of Members of the House who are plaintiffs here had their votes against the war in Yugoslavia completely nullified by the President's continuing with that war. Accordingly, the federal district court reasoned further that the actions of the House in approving appropriations for the war constituted a significant indication that the Congress does not seek a conflict with the executive. That belies the statement in the War Powers Act that no appropriation should be taken as authorization, in light of the fact that Members of Congress will often vote funds for a war once American troops are engaged in it. The court also said that the failure of the House to pass a concurrent resolution calling for the immediate removal of the troops deprived the House Members of standing. This, to my knowledge, is the first time in judicial history where the failure of a House of Congress to do something is held to have legal significance."

Campbell concluded, "The effect of today's ruling is to prevent any Member of Congress from contesting a war that the President initiates and carries forward in the absence of a declaration of Congress. That is an absurdity if the Constitution's war declaration authority is to have any meaning. It is the intention of the plaintiffs to appeal the decision forthwith to the US Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit."

BACKGROUND: On April 28, 1999, Congress voted overwhelmingly against declaring war against Yugoslavia (H.J. Res 44) and defeated a concurrent resolution (S.Con. Res. 21) to continue the air war. On April 30, 1999, a bipartisan coalition of Members of Congress filed a lawsuit to compel the President to follow the Constitution and halt U.S. armed forces from engaging in military action in Yugoslavia unless we declare war, or grant him specific statutory authority.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT: Suhail Khan 202-225-2631

Plaintiffs (31): Campbell, Kucinich, Bartlett, Baker, Barr, Burton, Cannon, Cooksey, Crane, Everett, Walter Jones, Kaptur, Manzullo, Metcalf, Norwood, Paul, Petri, Sanford, Scarborough, Schaffer, Tancredo, Doolittle, Rick Hill, Ganske, Rohrabacher, Duncan, Danner, Stark, Sensenbrenner, Hilleary & Curt Weldon.


Then he said, "That is that."
And then he was gone
With a tip of his hat.
Dr. Seuss
1904-1991
WITH APOLOGIES TO THEODOR GEISEL

PEEL TO OPEN

Reorder No. 5184

18G31/2

8 89cm Length LUER-LOK Hub

B-D

Spinal Needle

QUINCKE TYPE POINT

STERILE • SINGLE USE • Contents guaranteed sterile, non toxic, and non-pyrogenic in unopened or undamaged package. CAUTION: Federal law restricts this device to sale by or on the order of a physician. DO NOT AUTOCLAVE.

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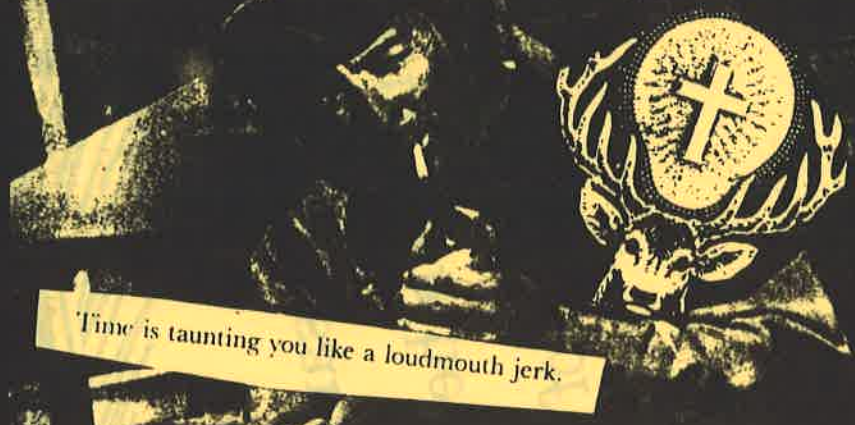
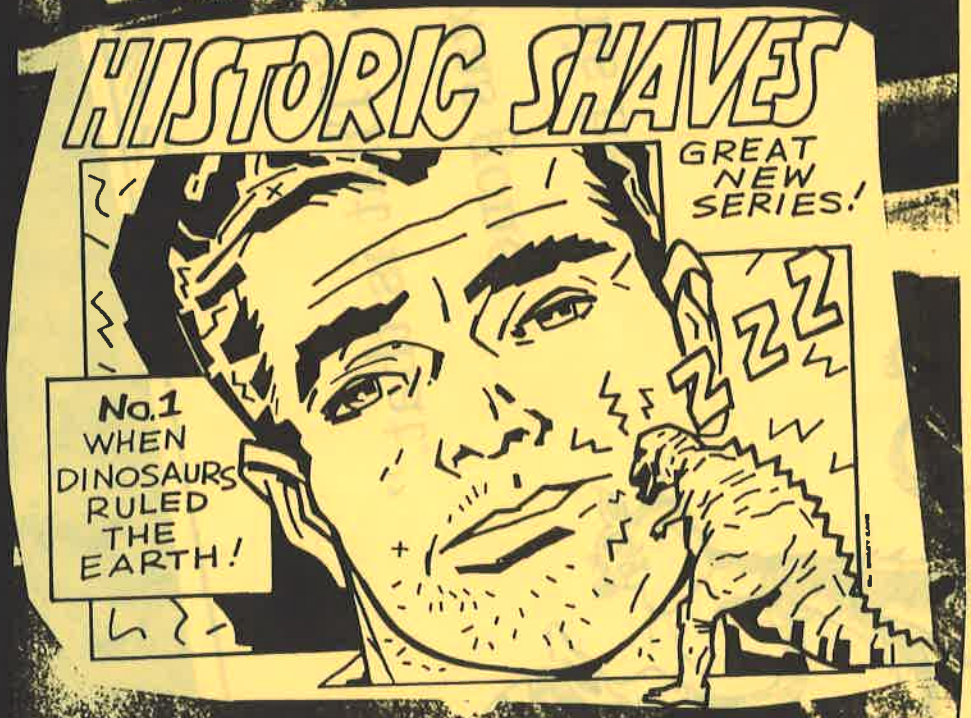
PLAYS WELL WITH SELF





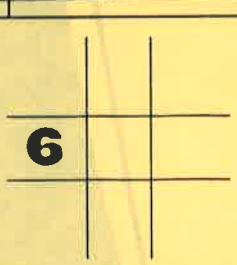
Hast du etwas Zeit für mich
dann singe ich ein Lied für dich
von 99 Luftballons
auf ihrem Weg zum Horizont
denkst du vielleicht g'rad an mich,
dann singe ich ein Lied für dich
von 99 Luftballons
und daß sowas von sowas kommt

99 Luftballons
auf ihrem Weg zum Horizont
hielt man für UFOs aus dem All
darum schickte ein General
'ne Fliegerstaffel hinterher
Alarm zu geben, wenn's so wär',
dabei war'n da am Horizont
nur 99 Luftballons.

99 Düsenflieger
jeder war ein grosser Krieger
hielten sich für Captain Kirk
das gab ein großes Feuerwerk
die Nachbarn haben nichts gerafft
und fühlten sich gleich angemacht
dabei schoß man am Horizont
auf 99 Luftballons

99 Kriegsminister
Streichholz und Benzinkanister
hielten sich für schlaue Leute
witterten schon fette Beute
riefen: Krieg und wollten Macht
Mann, wer hätte das gedacht
daß es einmal soweit kommt
wegen 99 Luftballons

99 Jahre Krieg
ließen keinen Platz für Sieger
Kriegsminister gibt's nicht mehr
und auch keine Düsenflieger
heute zieh' ich meine Runden
seh' die Welt in Trümmern liegen
hab' 'nen Luftballon gefunden



APOCALYP-TIC-TAC-TOE

Tired of ordinary tic-tac-toe? Try this tricky variation: Instead of using X's and O's, both players play with 6's. The object: to avoid getting three 6's in a row. If you lose, down a shot of chili vodka! Repeat until both players are too fucking smashed to care what happens to our nice planet.

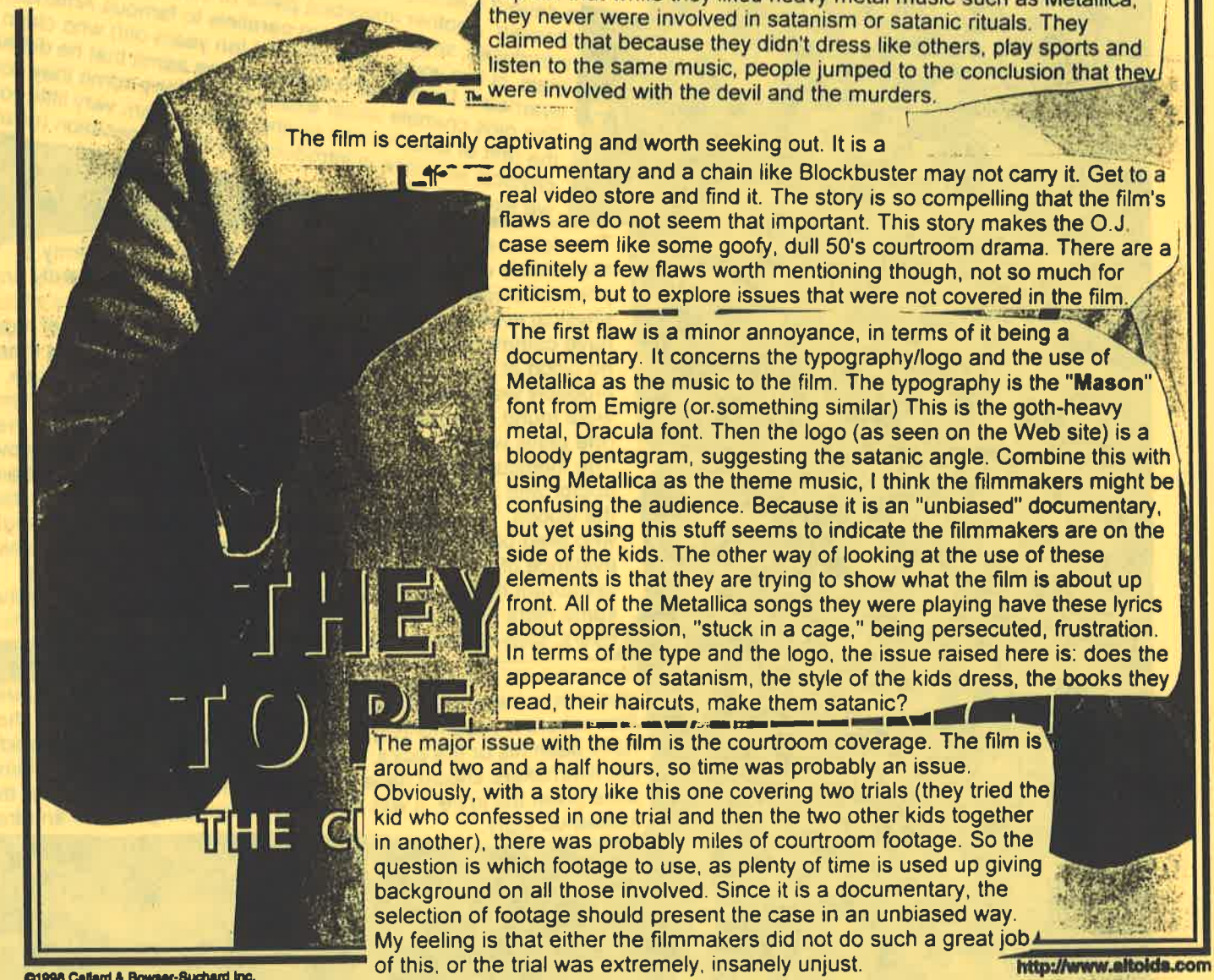
'paradise lost': the importance of being satanic.

On May 5, 1993, three eight year-old boys were tortured and killed in West Memphis, Arkansas. The murders shocked the community and the local police begin a massive investigation.

A month later, three teenage boys were taken into custody after one confessed that he and his friends had committed the crimes. Jessie Misskelley, the teenager who gave the confession, told the police that the killings were part of satanic rituals that he and his friends were involved in. The three were Metallica fans and wore black clothing and looked different than other kids in the small town. The three are put on trial for the murders. The death penalty was a goal for the prosecution.

This is where the film "Paradise Lost: The Child Murders at Robin Hood Hills" picks up the story. Two documentary filmmakers, Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky were sent by HBO films to cover the trial. Apparently when the filmmakers arrived, they assumed the three kids were guilty and wanted to cover how heavy-metal inspired white trash would do such a fucked-up thing. They found that the kid who confessed spent hours being examined by the police, had an IQ of 72 and claimed that police had made him admit to something which wasn't true. The other two kids accused also claimed that they had nothing to do with the murders. The kids explain that while they liked heavy metal music such as Metallica, they never were involved in satanism or satanic rituals. They claimed that because they didn't dress like others, play sports and listen to the same music, people jumped to the conclusion that they were involved with the devil and the murders.

By Mihmfiss DoubleYouBee



The film is certainly captivating and worth seeking out. It is a documentary and a chain like Blockbuster may not carry it. Get to a real video store and find it. The story is so compelling that the film's flaws are do not seem that important. This story makes the O.J. case seem like some goofy, dull 50's courtroom drama. There are a definitely a few flaws worth mentioning though, not so much for criticism, but to explore issues that were not covered in the film.

The first flaw is a minor annoyance, in terms of it being a documentary. It concerns the typography/logo and the use of Metallica as the music to the film. The typography is the "**Mason**" font from Emigre (or something similar) This is the goth-heavy metal, Dracula font. Then the logo (as seen on the Web site) is a bloody pentagram, suggesting the satanic angle. Combine this with using Metallica as the theme music, I think the filmmakers might be confusing the audience. Because it is an "unbiased" documentary, but yet using this stuff seems to indicate the filmmakers are on the side of the kids. The other way of looking at the use of these elements is that they are trying to show what the film is about up front. All of the Metallica songs they were playing have these lyrics about oppression, "stuck in a cage," being persecuted, frustration. In terms of the type and the logo, the issue raised here is: does the appearance of satanism, the style of the kids dress, the books they read, their haircuts, make them satanic?

The major issue with the film is the courtroom coverage. The film is around two and a half hours, so time was probably an issue. Obviously, with a story like this one covering two trials (they tried the kid who confessed in one trial and then the two other kids together in another), there was probably miles of courtroom footage. So the question is which footage to use, as plenty of time is used up giving background on all those involved. Since it is a documentary, the selection of footage should present the case in an unbiased way. My feeling is that either the filmmakers did not do such a great job of this, or the trial was extremely, insanely unjust.

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The footage selected definitely shows the highlights of the two trials The major issue in the first trail of Jessie Misskelley is whether the police "confession" was actually a form of mental torture until the kid with the 72 IQ confessed. The defense had this expert from UC Berkeley come in and explain how after being questioned for hours, people become weak and tired and will admit to anything just to make the questions stop. Courtroom footage showed how when Jessie finally confessed, SEVERAL times he said the three teens captured the boys around noon- when the eight year olds were still in school. The police suggested it was later and he slowly changed his story to be later in the evening. Very questionable. No physical evidence was presented in the courtroom footage for this trial. I find it hard to believe that this shoddy confession and no physical evidence got him life plus forty years in jail.

NOVEMBER'S WINNING CAPTIONS

Hole in Juan!
Justin Dougherty, New York, NY
wins the Virtual Pool 2

The second trial is even more amazing. Even after getting convicted, Jessie refuses to testify against his friends, as he still maintains they didn't do it, so basically his confession does not (or is not supposed) to be considered evidence. The two other teenagers, Damien Echols and Jason Baldwin were tried together. The focus of the trial seems to be Damien and whether or not he is a practicing satanist. The prosecution focuses on the music he listens to, why he dyes his hair black and what books he has been reading. The kid's name is also brought up: why he calls himself "Damien," which is not his given name. Damien says when he was a devout Catholic, he picked the name because of the Saint Damien. Another important piece of evidence the prosecution introduces, which brings up parallels to famous American witchcraft trials, is two young girls (around ten years old) who claim that they overheard Damien at a softball game admit that he did kill the boys. The girls crumble under examination: they admit they couldn't hear the rest of what he was saying. Once again, very little (or no) physical evidence is introduced by the prosecution (or at least that we see in the film).

The defense seems to do a decent job of showing plenty of reasonable doubt. Where the prosecution relied on hardly any physical evidence, the defense had plenty. The defense's focus on physical evidence showed that it was doubtful a bunch of kids could have committed the crime. The major evidence was that there was no blood at the scene of the crime. This means that the kids probably were killed elsewhere and the bodies dumped where they were found. The genital mutilation was done with extreme precision (the penis wasn't cut off, instead the skin was carefully removed). The medical inspector admitted there was no way even a trained doctor with a sharp blade could have made the cuts in the dark in the woods. The defense made a convincing case that a serial killer who liked boys was responsible. They also showed there was evidence of two other potential suspects: a man found by a restaurant manager in the woman's room covered in blood the same night of the murders (maybe the serial killer?) and John Mark Byers, step-father of one of the boys.

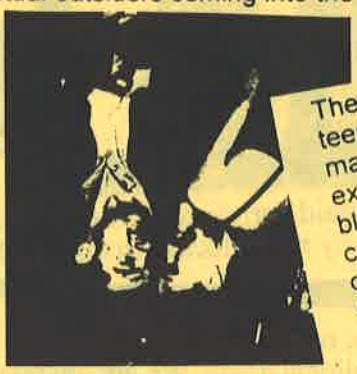
Byers admits to beating the boy with a belt the day of the murder (the marks were found during the autopsy). Byers had given the two filmmakers a used hunting knife that contained blood that could have been his or the boy's. The knife was used in the trial. I think the filmmakers should have explained the circumstances that they were given the knife. It was definitely an amazing twist in an already fucked-up story.

INSERT CAPTION HERE

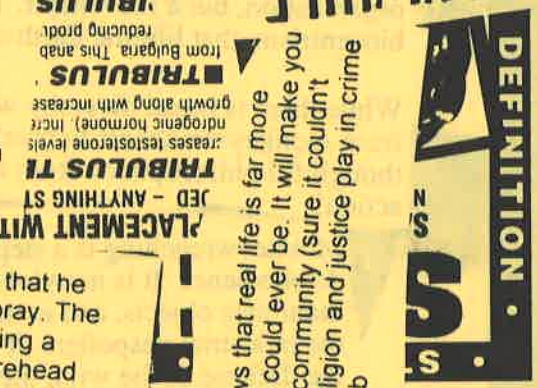
The prosecution's focus on Damien's satanic beliefs brings up a major issue that I would have liked to see explored more in the film. The film made it seem that the prosecution proved to the jury that Damien was a satanist, which easily explained to them that the murders were part of a ritual. The discussion of satanism seems like a key part of the background of this case. My primary question about the subject is: did the prosecution prove to the jury that Damien believed that he was working for satan and committed the crimes for that reason OR did they prove to them he was, in fact, satanic which gave him the powers to defy all the physical evidence that the defense presented. I would have liked to see a jury member questioned about this. The issue of whether Damien's peers believe that satan is a force that can possess and make a teenager kill is one that is very important to understanding these people and their community. All the relatives of the dead boys' talk about Satan, religion and God, but the questions (or their answers) never go deep enough to address what powers they believe the devil actually has in their lives.

Maybe the filmmakers may wanted to explore the satanic theme a bit more, but had to sacrifice it to fit the rest of the interviews and courtroom footage. An incredible moment in the film occurs before the trial (before we see evidence to connect him to the crime), when John Mark Byers is at the grave of his step-son on Christmas, the first Christmas without him. Byers has a tiny Christmas tree that he places at the grave. He kneels down to talk to the boy and pray. The film captures the late afternoon winter sun setting early casting a shadow from the star at the top of the small tree onto the forehead of Byers. The star on Byers' head looks exactly like the pentagram that is associated with satanism. Later we find out that Byers has a brain tumor (suggested cause for his mental instability and violence). I wonder if this shot was set up or just captured by chance. Did the filmmakers know about his tumor and was this shot filmed before or after he gave them the knife that became evidence?

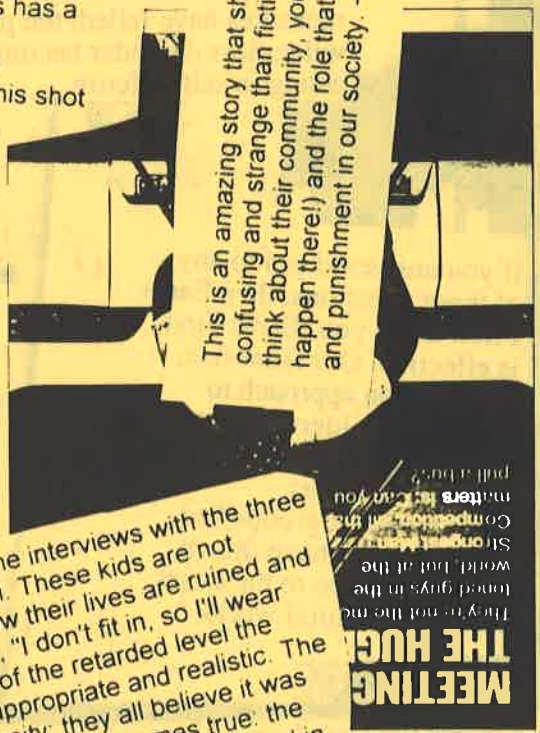
People's beliefs and values are a central part of the case. After all, a jury is a group of your peers who decides whether you are innocent or guilty. Most of the people involved, both being tried and whose boys have been killed are what many would describe as "white trash." They live in trailers, have thick accents, and express anger and fear in very crude and immature ways. The town's energy and momentum constantly reminds one of the Arthur Miller play, "The Crucible." Other classic American literature is evoked more subtly during the course of the film. The film shows a scared community seeking out the obvious "different" people (who are actually just as regular as everyone in the community) and the scary way religion can be used to enforce ignorance. There is also the element of actual outsiders coming into the community to judge the values.



There film does an amazing job, during the interviews with the three teenagers, of delivering a sense of doom. These kids are not mature enough to really comprehend how their lives are ruined and express doom in that goofy high-school, "I don't fit in, so I'll wear black" way. The reality is that because of the retarded level the community is at, this level of doom is appropriate and realistic. The other level of doom is from the community: they all believe it was satan, that they are cursed by satan. This belief comes true: the '**aftermath**' of the story is just as amazing as what is contained in the film. Everyone involved (besides the people in jail) has something violent happen to them. If only the filmmakers had stayed around another year or two!



This is an amazing story that shows that real life is far more confusing and strange than fiction could ever be. It will make you think about their community, your community (sure it couldn't happen there!) and the role that religion and justice play in crime and punishment in our society. --wb



Why Earth First!?

Earth First! was founded in 1979 in response to a lethargic, compromising, and increasingly corporate environmental community. Earth First! takes a decidedly different tack towards environmental issues. We believe in using all the tools in the tool box, ranging from grassroots organizing and involvement in the lega process to civil disobedience and monkeywrenching.

Earth First! is different from other environmental groups. Here are some things to keep in mind about Earth First! and some suggestions for being an active and effective Earth First!er: First of all, Earth First! is not a organization, but a movement. There are no "members" of Earth First!, only Earth First!ers. It is a belief in biocentrism, that life‹the Earth‹comes first, and a practice of putting our beliefs into action.

While there is broad diversity within Earth First!‹from animal rights vegans to wilderness hunting guides, from monkeywrenchers to careful followers of Gandhi, from whiskey-drinking backwoods riffraff to thoughtful philosophers, from misanthropes to humanists‹there is agreement on one thing, the need for action!

Monkeywrenching is a step beyond civil disobedience. It is nonviolent, aimed only at inanimate objects, and at the pocketbooks of the industrial despoilers. It is the final step in the defense of the wild, the deliberate action taken by the Earth defender when all other measures have failed, the process whereby the wilderness defender becomes the wilderness acting in self-defense.

Although Earth First! is often associated with the practice and mystique of monkeywrenching, the organized elements of the Earth First! movement do not engage in monkeywrenching. Any person openly spouting off about sabotage should be avoided, as they may be either a wingnut or an agent provocateur.

Monkeywrenching is not mindless - targets are carefully picked for their strategic value. There is a time and a place for everything, and knowing when not to engage in sabotage is equally of value. For instance, monkeywrenching at the site of a public, civil disobedience-oriented campaign of mass actions could put those people in danger.

If you answered yes to any of these questions, then Earth First! is for you. Earth First! is effective. Our front-line, direct action approach to protecting wilderness gets results. We have succeeded in cases where other environmental groups had given up, and have drawn public attention to the crises facing the natural world.

Although some individual Earth First!ers may be active monkeywrenchers, the Earth First! movement officially neither advocates nor condemns monkeywrenching.

Are you tired of namby-pamby environmental groups? Are you tired of overpaid corporate environmentalists who suck up to bureaucrats and industry? Have you become disempowered by the reductionist approach of environmental professionals and scientists?

Earth First!, in short, does not operate from a basis of political pragmatism, or what is perceived to be "possible." Wilderness is not something that can be compromised in the political arena. We are unapologetic advocates for the natural world, for Earth.

Numbers you need to know!

Other Numbers of The Beast:

666-6666	Number of the beast at work
$665.99	Beast's retail price
.997	Beast's batting average in Hell's Softball League
14	(struck out once, against Stalin)
5	Number of flushes Beast gets out of 2000 flushes
13	Number of Times Beast has seen *Revenge Of The Nerds*
103.1	Number of cup-holders in Beast's road-hogging SUV
500	Frequency of Beast's favorite "More tortured screaming-Less Talk" radio station
17	Number of dollars Beast must keep in checking account to avoid fees
2112	Age at which Beast learned that love was meant for beautiful people
0.666	and high-school girls with clear-skinned smiles
2	Beast's favorite Rush album
1	Number of the Millibeast
2	Number of times Beast has read *Chicken Soup for the Apocalyptic Asshole's Soul*
0	Number of times Beast has been called "Humpy Puppy" by Mrs Beast in bed
	Number of minutes required to microwave Australia
	Number of Beast's 10 horns that actually honk

Your coffee should be extra strong to reflect the bitter nature of humanity and to help further agitate the stormy sea of emotion inside you. Either brew an extra-thick batch in your coffeemaker or drop two handfulls of instant coffee into your normal mug. When you've got a steaming cup-full, add a hefty dose of sweetened condensed milk. Don't use regular milk, as it hasn't gone through the same seclusion and confinement that both condensed milk and your mind have. Slam this down as you would a shot of Black Bush Brand Irish Whiskey at a Good Intentions Party, get a tortuously tedious job either removing other people's food from your bosses' dishes or as an accountant, ruin your health by staying up every night till four, then die.

Cafe Kafka Latte

To prepare this simple treat, you will need the following ingredients:

- lots of strong coffee
- 1 can of sweetened condensed milk
- an ordinary houseplant

The phone on the observation deck of the Eiffel Tower (In France, that is...):
+33 (0) 1-47-53-75-68
at the Duck Pond at Va Tech:
540-552-9523
the payphone at the New Kroger at Towers:
540-985-0544

SWANS are dead. Long live the SWANS. For fifteen years, Michael Gira and a revolving door of contributors (the most significant of these being long-time vocalist/keyboardist Jarboe) have sought to isolate the element of music which is its limiting factor—the refrain. Taking repetition to its extreme aberration, Gira's music has atomized rhythm and melody such that the innermost details become a transformation of music into a behemoth machine which dissects and illuminates its own internal structure; music ceases to represent a "song" and becomes dissipated, de-territorialized fragments which repeat with insistent inertia. With the release of their final, double CD album *Soundtracks For The Blind*—perhaps their most seductively accommodating music to date—SWANS close the door on their long-running group project to shatter musical forms. Far from exhibiting the "brutal antipathy" many critics seem to associate with their music, SWANS are a celebration of life to the point of annihilation.

On *Soundtracks For The Blind* and its companion EP (featuring two album songs sung in German), *Die Tur Ist Zu*, SWANS achieve a brilliant meshing of anthemic saturated layers of guitars and keyboards in stripped-down two or three chord melodies which lock into the crashing ebb and flow of cymbal splash and sparing, rolling percussion. Particularly within the structures of "Helpless Child" and "The Sound," simple melodies are used to compound several harmonies of instruments which swirl continuously in mantra form to create a sound of constant elevation and rhythmic attrition. "Helpless Child" begins with a series of sound episodes which flow from one to another as if one were stepping through several connected rooms in a massive, ancient building. A hollow drone of pipe organ seeps into several layers of orchestral instruments tuning, which in turn is overcome by a wall of reversed-loop cymbal crashes, then sounds of trains and wind tunnel echoes, then the barrage fades to a soft chime as a delicate acoustic passage begins and Gira's softly-sung vocals materialize nearly twelve minutes into the album. "Now you be the mother, and I'll be your fool," he sings, "I'll hide myself deep inside, your crimson pool... you won't let me breathe, you won't let me go... you drug me with kindness, so I can pretend I exist... you'll feed me with gasoline, I'll burn my name in your head." As the vocals close with this declaration, the synth hum rises and a droning orchestra of open-tuned distorted guitars build in crescendos with drums that seem to spill toward an end, yet begin again after each crushing wave of cymbals which announce the next measure. The song thickens as melodies strain to escape the patterns of repetition and layering.

Likewise, "The Sound" is perhaps the prettiest, most emotive and expressive songs SWANS have ever recorded. However, despite the song's deceptively winsome tone, it illustrates a culmination of the form which Gira has explored since the very beginning of the band. The rhythm of a standard bar is frozen within one or two beats of the measure, and repeated continuously such that its repetition turns the sound into something altogether different. Similar to the way a skipping CD or record plucks a small element from a passage and disrupts its logic, the unrelenting repetition of rhythm and fragmented melody disrupt one's perceptions of a rock song. On early recordings, SWANS hammered single or double beats of a measure and melody into ploddingly slow tempos to tear song structure apart and explore the very finite elements which exist within a single beat. These early songs were not "brutal noise" as the misnomer goes, but rather more extreme aberrations of rhythm's rupture which continues into such subtle and seductive songs as "The Sound."

Beginning as a murmur of keyboards, vibraphone and lightly thumping percussion, a simple melody is slowly built within the repetitive modulation between two notes. "And wide, are your delusions," Gira's deep voice cracks, "closed forever, is the door to your room. But inside there live the sound, you despise, but I love." Beneath his declarative voice, the instruments expand and saturate open space until their crushing layers become virtually indistinguishable; the sound structure has atomized and musical order is, if only briefly, transcended. Which is exactly, as Deleuze and Guattari indicate, the aim of music—to give us a taste of another being, *to give us a taste of ecstatic death.*

So, it comes as little surprise that the lyrical obsessions on recent albums revolve around themes of ecstasy, eroticism, death, and daddy-mommy-me. Such concepts bear considerable relation to the works of Bataille, Artaud and *Anti-Oedipus* stage Deleuze and Guattari. The renunciation of psychoanalysis—particularly views opposing schizophrenia—made by these writers all conclude upon the progressive steps from Nietzsche's *Anti-Christ* as transvaluation of values to eroticism and schizophrenia as transcendence of the church of structural psychology.

As discussed in detail below, SWANS lyrical themes have seemed to follow a pattern similar to these steps from early songs through the final album. Striking deeper to the core of our cultural malaise, however, newer SWANS material speaks like a schizophrenic's magic. As psychoanalysis declares, the schizophrenic typically considers his/her actions and thoughts to have magical, direct impact upon the lives of others, due to some early trauma whereupon the individual lost a sense of ego and ceases to operate within the "real world." Rather than conceiving of the threadbare link between self and other as potentially mentally transcendable, psychoanalysis considers one to be socially unfit if linguistic/cultural codes are broken in the confusion between the borders maintaining separate bodies. Therefore, due to some traumatic experience of loss in the infant stage, we all desire authority, strong ego and fixate upon Oedipal dilemmas.

Many of the songs for *Soundtracks For The Blind* as well as *The Great Annihilator* deal with themes of confusion of self as a body. "Animus" from the former and "Where Does A Body End?" of the latter both discuss the blurring of borders between one person and another. "Yum Yab Killers" is a form of schizophrenic fantasy desiring to become another through eating the other's body. "Animus" and "Helpless Child" are bitter evocations of Oedipal desire which seem to aim to destroy the persistent presumption of psychoanalysis.

I spoke to Michael Gira in December, his ears still ringing from the day's rigorous rehearsal schedule as the band prepped for the extensive and formidable *final* tour, and he explained his own view of the significance the band has sought to maintain. "From the earliest songs, when I was a very angry young man, I was angry about the necessity of work," Gira laughs, "and I was curious about the persuasiveness of TV advertising. Which spilled over into my lyrics; I wanted them to be just as direct, just as simple, but to show the manipulative, authority figure behind [advertising]."

SWANS lyrics and subject matter are much more compassionate than the rather typical critical reaction to their songs as dark, somber or brutal. The subject matter has always dealt with confronting the various indignities which surface when one body encounters another. From early works such as *Cop* and *Filth*, the lyrical narratives have depicted situations and attitudes which conspire to defeat the human/visceral spirit of life. "The song 'I Crawled,' has to do with people's need for a strong authority figure. I wrote it as a sort of Willhelm Reich... piece about the Reagan era; about the subtle fascism of the desire for a strong, fatherly authority figure."

With the early songs of *Filth* and *Cop*, SWANS lyrics tend to deal with issues of power relationships, both socially/sexually and in work, in a similar way to Foucault. By 1985/1986, *Greed* and *Holy Money* indicate a shift toward Hegel and Marx as well as Foucault. Then, *Children Of God*, *White Light From The Mouth Of Infinity* and *Love Of Life* make a turn toward Nietzsche's *Anti-Christ* in their fascination with the obsessions of organized religion and the confusions of morality. *The Burning World*, *The Great Annihilator* and *Soundtracks For The Blind* seem to indicate a new and deeper interest in eroticism and schizophrenia.

There has always been an ambiguity to the level of actual personal display he or arboe put into their lyrics and singing, which makes it difficult to distinguish between fictional and autobiographical content. Asked if he felt a need to detail his own life in song, he singer rejects such practice as pointlessly cloying. "I hate hat," Gira seethes, "these people who presume I should share in their misery." Although there are plenty of surreptitiously recorded "found sound" pieces on the *Soundtracks* album (as well as on *Love Of Life*), which seem to attempt to draw listeners into rather personal dialogues, that none are identified as having relation to SWANS beyond any other musical instrument manages to maintain the distance from the artist's personal life, while the composer and those close to him are the only ones who have an actual physical context for the recordings.

SWANS songs have shifted over the years between rather oblique, narrative depictions of characters and situations to more autobiographical content, particularly the spoken pieces in musical interludes which include both Gira and Jarboe, members of their families, as well as found recordings of strangers (Jarboe's father was an agent in the FBI who collected many tapes of both his family and interviews for his own investigations; Gira has recorded several hours of his father's recounting of his life). This has a blurring effect in distinguishing the personal from the random; from the banal to the emotionally charged. For instance, on Gira's solo album *Drainland*, the opening track, "You See Through Me" contains a secretly recorded argument between himself and Jarboe. "That recording was made one night when I had been drinking very heavily and came home in a blackout," Gira explains, "Jarboe sort of secretly taped our conversation, with a handheld recorder, to play it for me later... and I just thought it was appropriate to use for the track."

Why conclude now? After undergoing so many graceful transformations, one would assume that audiences have come to expect SWANS to continue making challenging changes. "The name has become a trap for me, it's too limited by expectations of a certain style, and too many years of bad decisions on my part," Gira says, "For example, the German translation of *Die Tur Ist Zu*. I thought it would be a good gesture. I lived in Germany when I was younger, I have an appreciation for the language and people... but the reaction was horrible."

In other interviews, Gira has expressed frustration with audiences in the near-impossibility of communion, which in SWANS' music seems a crucial element—that audience and performer ought to be absorbed into the layers of sound and trance of repetition. Although attendance has gradually increased in the US, and album sales endue a meager existence for the musicians; Gira and Jarboe just seem downright exhausted by the years of effort which often goes under-appreciated and/or unnoticed by the associations many people have made with the group's moniker.

Instead of plowing onward under the name SWANS, Gira has opted to split themes hinted at in recent material into differently titled projects. The first release of post-SWANS sounds is a CD titled *The Body Lovers*, a seventy-seven minute passage of non-musical sounds, snippets of rhythms from older recordings, and twining waves of guitars, keyboards and other instruments which, in fashion similar to *Soundtracks*, Gira has "combined, collaged, manipulated and eq'ed." While such recent works indicate an interest in ambient music, Gira seems reluctant to associate his own textured/isolated musical phrases with such a movement designed around background music. "It's not passive, which I think ambient music is... these musical textures are still active listening," he explains. The second project is an acoustic band called The Pleasure Seekers, using narrative songs and more traditional instrumentation; recordings should be available in the near future. Jarboe is working on musical projects which have not been officially announced at this time. In the coming year, Young God Records, through arrangement with Atavistic, will be reissuing the back catalogue of SWANS recordings in a series of double CD packages re-mastered with extra tracks of previously unreleased material.

The last SWANS performance ever was held March 15th, 1997 in London. May we assume it was an ecstatic death.

For more SWANS info, visit their website: http://www.swans.pair.com.

RAMSEY CLARK ANNOUNCES THE FORMATION OF COMISSION OF INQUIRY FOR AN INTERNATIONAL WAR CRIMES TRIBUNAL

U.S./NATO WAR CRIMES WILL BE SUBJECT OF COMMISSION OF INQUIRY HEARING IN NEW YORK CITY ON JULY 31, 1999

JUNE 1999

A Commission of Inquiry for an International War Crimes Tribunal has been initiated by former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark. Mr. Clark is the chairperson of the International Action Center. The Commission of Inquiry will hold hearings to collect eyewitness, direct, and expert testimony, video footage, photographs, documents, and other evidence as part of an investigation into crimes against peace, crimes against humanity, and war crimes committed during the U.S./NATO bombing war against Yugoslavia

The Commission of Inquiry will include international jurists, human rights activists, trade unionists, medical personnel, environmental experts, rank-and-file soldiers from NATO countries, and people who have been in Yugoslavia during the bombing.

Mr. Clark is in the process of outlining a multi-point indictment of the U.S. government's conduct in the war against Yugoslavia. This indictment will serve as the basis of the Commission's work.

We are now in the process of organizing similar hearings throughout the United States, in other NATO countries, in Russia, and elsewhere. At the conclusion of these hearings, there will be convened an International War Crimes Tribunal that will consider all of the evidence.

We are now assembling an international research team and will be dispatching investigators and researchers wherever evidence can be collected.

The July 31 Commission of Inquiry hearing will take place at the Fashion Institute of Technology campus in New York City. We are urging anti-war activists to come to New York that weekend to participate in the Commission of Inquiry hearing and to join us in a national organizers' planning conference that will prepare the work of the Commission of Inquiry in cities throughout the United States

If you are interested in being a volunteer, an organizer, or a member of the research staff, please contact Sarah Sloan at (212) 633-6646 or email us at iacenter@iacenter.org

Sincerely,

Sara Flounders and Brian Becker
Co-Directors, International Action Center

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OFFICIAL
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
HAIL ERIS

Application For Membersh

In the Erisian Movement of the DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

1. Today's date Yesterday's date

2. Purpose of this application: --membership in: a. Legion of Dynamic Discord b. POEE c. Bavarian Illuminati d. All of the above e. None of the above f. Other--be *specific*!

3. Name Holy Name

Address

If temporary, also give an address from which mail can be forwarded

4. Description: Born: [ ] yes [ ] no Eyes: [ ] 2 [ ] other Height: .....fl. oz. Last time you had a haircut: Reason: Race: [ ] horse [ ] human I. Q.: 150-200 200-250 250-300 over 300

5. History: Education - highest grade completed 1 2 3 4 5 6 over 6th Professional: On another ream of paper list every job since 1937 from which you have been fired. Medical: On a seperate sheet labeled "confidential," list all major psychotic episodes experienced within the last 24 hours

6. Sneaky questions to establish personality traits
I would rather a. live in an outhouse b. play in a rock group c. eat caterpillers. I wear obscene tattoos because . . . . . .
I have ceased raping little children [ ] yes [ ] no -- reason . . .

7. SELF-PORTRAIT

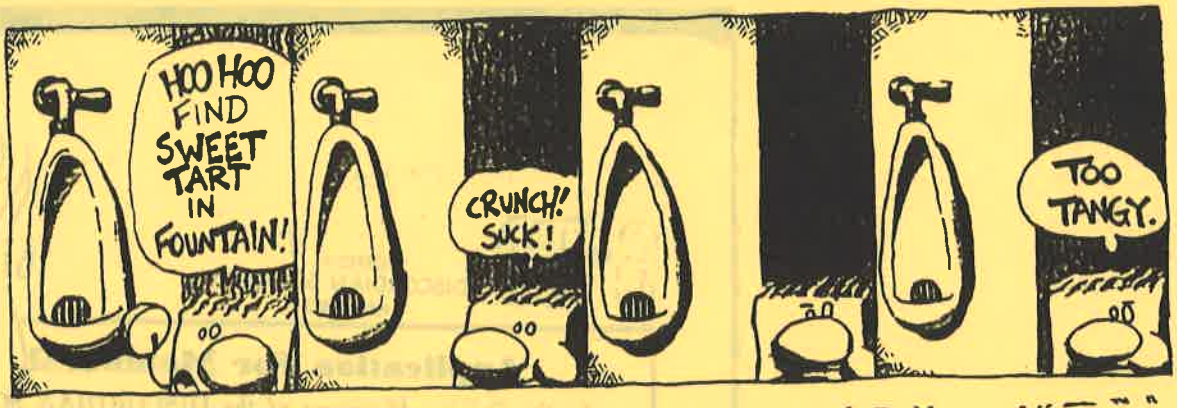
SENDER WAITING!
Answer
by Wiz

LICK HERE!

(You may be one of the lucky 25)

Rev. Mungo
For Office Use Only- acc. rej. burned

00023



SWERVEDRIVER *T*
SOPHIA *T*

I was always a sucker for the 'Drivers distilled mix of sped-up shoegaze guitar blow-out and sharp pop hooks, and things haven't changed. These singles sound rough compared to the thickly laid guitar of their albums, but the wallop is still there. Just in time for their comeback album after years of neglect in the States. The new-to-me Sophia come from the same approximate neighborhood, tho' their more calming strum seems to have taken a few pages from the Dino Jr. songbook. Tis okay. Get it for your Swervedriver fix. [Echostatic/Space Baby]

VARIOUS ARTISTS *In-Flight Program* **CD**

It is extraordinary that the aesthetic propounded on these twenty-six tracks from as many groups, is so unified and focused, not to mention definitive and powerful; in fact, if not for the gyne-voxing on a couple cuts, *In-Flight Program* could pass for the work of one and the same band. Happily, it'd be one ver' excellent band.

In Flight Program is a *soupcon* of pointedly, and successfully anthemic songs. The earnestness is thrilling and the abundant raw energy chilling. Additionally, each performance is marked by sure-handed precision and conscious melodic prerogatives. Of course, at the levels of naked power, bristling, barbed noisiness and tsunami pacing employed here, the former two qualities are expressed in impossibly speedy powerchord progressions that barrel roll and nosedive in close formation: these folks are love chilluns of Husker Dü in that, and tha's a fact. Coo-ule shit, this. [Revelation]

TO LIVE AND SHAVE IN LA *"Helen Butte" Vs. Masonna Pussy Badsmell* **CD**

The only two noise-makers worth a shit today are Merzbow and To Live and Shave in LA. Merzbow goes for full-face sonic destruction while TLASILA deconstruct that wall of noise into snippets of inspired, teetering chaos. Buzzing and whirring feedback litters the landscape as a bed to familiar samples that come rushing in and out of the range of sound. Stand-offish bass and some sort of gtr plop in and out as well with no conscious patterns. There's nothing "complex" about all of this and no particular concept to "get." Attaching any sort of deep meaning to it is an exercise for dummies. It's a deconstruction of all that's around and they shove it right into yr face with no apologies. Tom Smith is a genius. [Full Contact/Fifth Column]

Review by Xavier Onassis

Review by Xavier Onassis

Review by Xavier Onassis

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Hype! The Motion Picture Soundtrack* **CD**

I can't believe that it has been nearly ten years since Sub Pop ruled the roost. Memories of this music are tied in with college, heavy drug consumption, long hair, and copious amounts of booze. It felt good to be dirty again and I ate it up like candy. Black Flag and The Stooges had been two of my favorite bands so it made sense when Seattle proposed the marriage.

I was living in a small college town in Northern California when the Pacific Northwest started to make a name for itself. It seemed that just about every band that came out of that scene made a pit stop. The secret language of punk rock was back... for a brief moment. It would soon become evident how powerful this music was when Nirvana and Soundgarden took over the neighborhood. The secret was out.

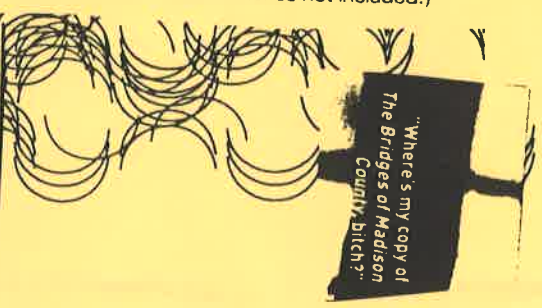
This CD is the soundtrack to *Hype!* which chronicles the beginning of the explosion. All the favorites are included here: Fastbacks, Wipers, U-Men, Mudhoney, Tad, Green River, Supersuckers, Girl Trouble, etc. But missing are Sub Pop's early entries Swallow, Cat Butt, and Blood Circus. Not that those bands really made a name for themselves, but neither has the included Dead Moon or Some Velvet Sidewalk.

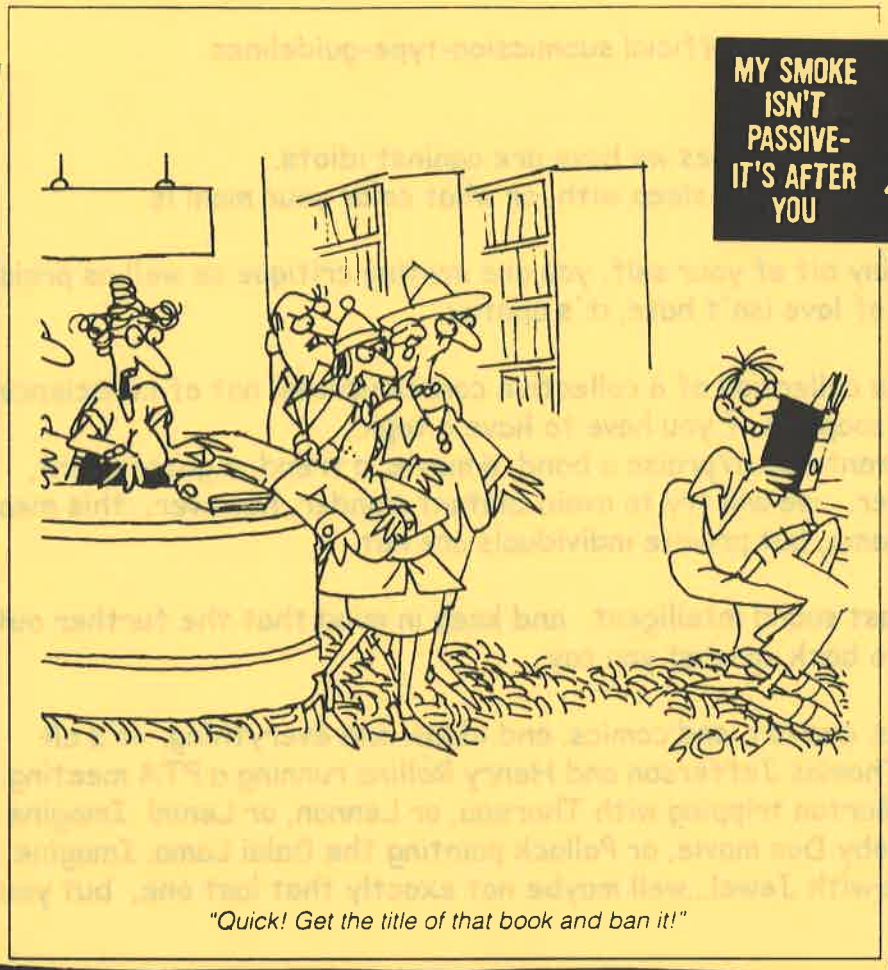
By now everyone is familiar with the formula. We hear it in Bush and Silverchair, we've seen it hit the malls and fashion runways, and now it's just an afterthought buried by media hype. [Sub Pop]

Jailhouse Rockettes

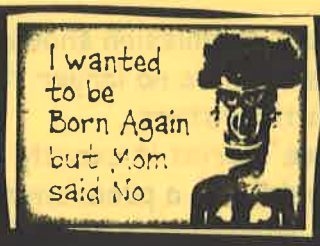
Of course you like movies about women's prison—you're only human, dammit. But are you man enough to date a real flesh-and-blood hoosegow honey?

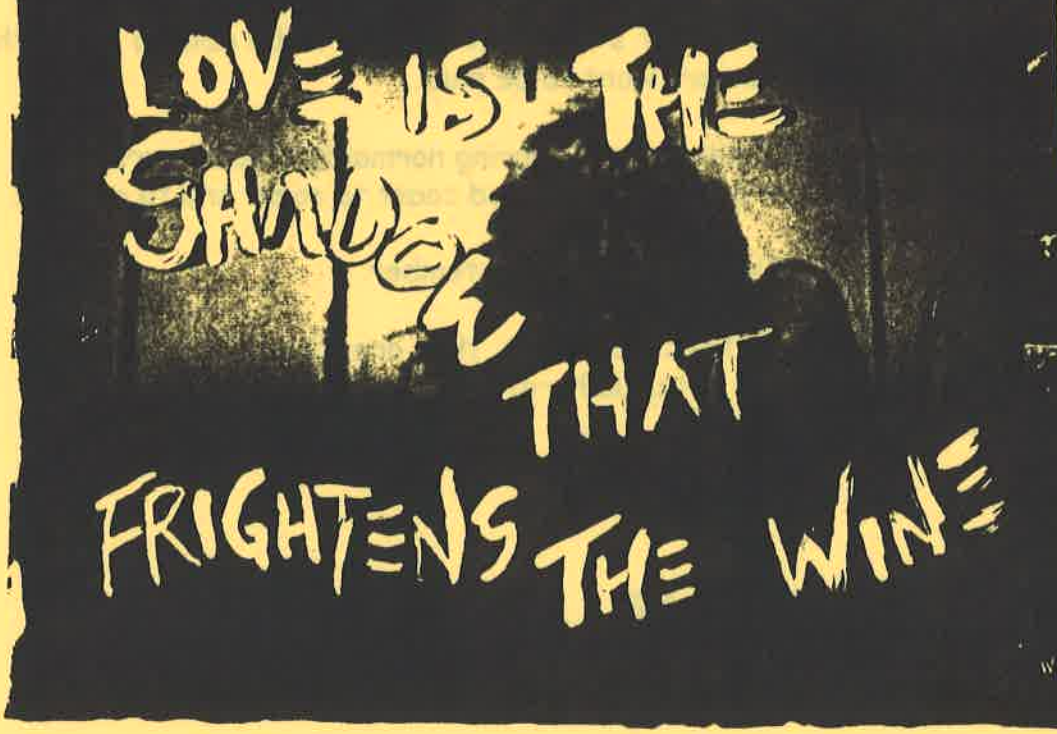
Looking for the perfect gal can be a lifelong quest. But even if you've exhausted the singles bars, laundromats, beauty salons, and roller rinks in your neck of the woods, don't despair. Jail Babes, a Web-based introduction service with a database of 1,200 women incarcerated in 16 states, is happy to hook up nine-to-five types like yourself with three-to-five-with-no-parole cuties on the inside. After narrowing your search by age group and race (black, white, or "other"), you can peruse pictures of lonely cons. "I think there's a big misconception as to what these girls are all about says the site's owner and operator, 62-yea old Ken Kleine. "They've made mistakes, and society says they have to pay by spending time in prison. But they're still human beings. I'm trying to give them something to look forward to." Take 21-year-old Thrissie: She enjoys "traveling, dancing, and motocross races" and says she's a "firm believer in loving from the inside out." At www.jailbabes.com, you can grab Thrissie's full name, address, Department of Corrections number, and release date for just $7 plus handling. Order 10 profiles and get two bonus ladies free. (Assault and batteries not included.)





"Quick! Get the title of that book and ban it!"





Moses vs. Four Roses

One stars in Technicolor yawns (DreamWorks' *Prince of Egypt*); the other gives 'em to you. But which one's the *real* holy terror?

"Wait—there's a message in it."

ORIGINAL DISTILLATION	
Egypt, around 1300 B.C., from the House of Levi Edge: Moses	Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, 1888
CLEVER DISGUISE	
Basket made of rushes in the reeds along the Nile Edge: Moses	Brown paper bag
MAJOR MIRACLE	
Parts the Red Sea	Turns anything in a dress into Bridget Fonda Edge: Roses
MINOR MIRACLE	
Transforms a stiff rod into a floppy snake	Same thing
Draw	
SOURCE OF POWER	
Angry Old Testament God Edge: Moses	Price point that makes it cheaper than a crack whore
GOT WRATH?	
Plagues of frogs, flies, boils; hail Edge: Moses	Plague of unamused police officers; hail of nightsticks
SLOGAN	
"Let my people go!" Edge: Moses	"Try life in full bloom"
MAJOR ACHIEVEMENT	
Leads Israelites out of Egypt Edge: Moses	Keeps spooky Aunt Trudy from sleepwalking
AND THE WINNER IS	
The hairy robed one stomped all over the bottled one, 6–1. Calls for a drink, no?	

official submission-type-guidelines

first of all, the ONLY biases or prejudices we have are against idiots.
we don't care who you vote for, who you sleep with, or what color your mom is.

second, by offering up this tiny bit of your self, you are inviting critique as well as praise.
remember that the opposite of love isn't hate, it's apathy.

next, this is (will be), ideally a collection of a collective consciousness, not of conscienceness.
this magazine is a hard-copy soapbox. if you have to have a topic,
look behind your forehead. rant about/praise a band, a movie, a trend, a government,
a lifestyle, a religion, whatever. we will try to avoid blatant slander, however. this means
that public figures are fair game, but private individuals are not.

try to be intelligent, or at least sound intelligent. and keep in mind that the further out you
are, the more you may have to back up what you say.

we want things. lots of words. and art. and comics. and ideas. and everything. it's all
about atmosphere. Imagine Thomas Jefferson and Henry Rollins running a PTA meeting.
Imagine David Lynch or Tim Burton tripping with Thoreau, or Lennon, or Lenin! Imagine
Hunter S. Thompson in a Scooby Doo movie, or Pollack painting the Dalai Lama. Imagine
Robert Crumb on a blind date with Jewel...well maybe not exactly that last one, but you
get the idea.

From a technical standpoint, your submission should be reproducable. We should be able to
scan it or photocopy it, and it should be no larger than two 8 1/2 x 11 pages , all told. This is,
of course, subject to change in the future...
when we get it, odds are that we'll print it exactly like we get it. exactly. cut and paste, even.
And... you may (or probably should) use a pseudonym: your nickname, your punk rock name,
your dj name, your tribal name, whatever. we sure as hell do.

if you submit something taken from elsewhere, that's fine...but we have to be able to quote the
source. information wants to be free, but lawyers want to be paid.

submissions may be dropped off at Safe As Milk Records during normal business hours, until
we get a P O Box. no, you won't get paid for it, only distributed coast to coast and to at least
3 foreign countries, including Texas.
Deadline for the next issue is 21 August. Shelf date is 01 September.

Although Safe As Milk has graciously agreed to act as liaison, they are not publishing the
magazine, and any views expressed therein do not usually reflect the opinions of
Safe As Milk, or the employees there. nyah.

git to it. now.

FENCE

DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY?

WORDS. ART. LYRICS.
SCRIBBLED PSYCHOBABBLE FROM THE CORNER OF THE COFFEE SHOP.
INSPIRED OR INSIPID DOODLES FROM THE BACK OF A DENNY'S PLACEMAT FROM SOME 3AM.
SHE DIDN'T CALL YOU BACK.
HE LIKES YOUR FRIEND INSTEAD.
YOU MAY BE GAY AFTER ALL.
THE PHONE COMPANY DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN.
WE BELONG TO THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.
JOHN BELUSHI IS DEAD.
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS WRITTEN ON HEMP.
YOU HAVE FUNNY LOOKING TOES.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A FREE NAKED LUNCH

THINK. SMOLDER. RANT. PRAISE. CREATE.
THEN GIVE IT UP...
...SO WE CAN PUBLISH IT.

FENCE

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES AVAILABLE AT SAFE AS MILK RECORDS.

INDEX

...needless to say there were a couple of surprises in the results of the index survey (...well, surprises to me anyway...). Regardless, here are the results compiled from 213 responses from individuals all across the Roanoke valley, as random as we could. Participants were of all sexes, and ranged in age from 11 to 52, with an income range of $1200-$70k, if anyone cares. If you wanna participate missed participating this time around 'cos some Joe Cool decided it wasn't worth passing along the questionnaire to you, even though he was asked to and said he would, please let us know. Also, if you have an idea for the next index, submit it.

MIRACLE WHIP *53%*	OR	MAYONNAISE *47%*
TAO *35%*	OR	ZEN *65%*
DARTH VADER *63%*	OR	DARTH MAUL *37%*
STUFFING *30%*	OR	POTATOES *70%*
RED *22%*	OR	BLUE *88%*
TWELVE INCHES *52%*	OR	ONE FOOT *48%*
RASPBERRIES *38%*	OR	CHERRIES *62%*
COLD *60%*	OR	HOT *40%*
ZORRO *64%*	OR	THE LONE RANGER *36%*
SPONGE *30%*	OR	STONE *70%*
BEACH *70%*	OR	PORCH *30%*
DOG *57%*	OR	CAT *43%*
RODEO *49%*	OR	GOLF *51%*
BOXERS *68%*	OR	BRIEFS *32%*
HBO *72%*	OR	SHOWTIME *28%*
COKE *65%*	OR	PEPSI *35%*
VAN HALEN (DAVE) *78%*	OR	VAN HALEN (SAMMY) *22%*
TREES *63%*	OR	GRASS *37%*
UMA *43%*	OR	CINDY *57%*
WHITE *53%*	OR	WHEAT *47%*
EDDIE MURPHY *38%*	OR	WILL SMITH *62%*
MEN'S HAIR:		
LONG *28%*	OR	SHORT *72%*
WOMEN'S HAIR:		
LONG *84%*	OR	SHORT *16%*
BISCUITS:		
JAM/JELLY *44%*	OR	GRAVY *56%*
CHEESE:		
YES *79%*	OR	NO *21%*

IF YOU'RE WALKING DOWN THE SIDEWALK AND SOMEONE IS WALKING TOWARDS YOU, DO YOU MOVE:

LEFT *30%*	OR	RIGHT *70%*

...What does alla this mean? well, i still can't believe that Cindy beat Uma, but these results indicate the preferences of the 'average' Roanoker. No, really. It means most of you would rather be at the beach, it's a Cocal-Cola summer after all, and the first restaurant to offer a sandwich with featuring Miracle Whip and Cheese (plus whatever...Lebanon Bologna, mebbe?) is gonna have a hit...mebbe they could even call it "The Fence"...yeah, that's it....are you listening Richard?

THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO PARTICIPATED

After breaking up with Barbie, the work soon dried up for Ken.
SHOP · OFFICES
SHOP · OFFICES
CLOSING SOON
CLOSING DOWN
NEXT TIME:
(...in addition to alla th'stuff you send in...)
-Stations
Darth Brooks takes his Tea with some chains and some Appalachian plaid.
There were only so many supermarkets to be opened and pantomimes to be played.
-Soul Coughing
a soundtrack to eating Crunchberries, on drugs, while reading Pinchon
-Safe As Milk
Plato Shrimp gets hip-deep in the vinyl vat
-the Burning Man Festival
why go to Nevada, in the desert, in the summer? lemme tell ya...
-No Phase
It all became a matter of killing time.
delineating the peripheral vision of yer third eye. or something.
-the INDEX
...more of the average gRoanoker than you wanna know...
and alla the madness we can dig from the mine...
Sitting out the years until sad, yesterday's Ken became collectable Ken.

...WE KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

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